THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1893.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE WEEK:—	
Public Affairs: At Home	85
" " Abroad	87
Literature	88
Science	89
Obituary	89
THE EGYPTIAN OUTLOOK	90
THE LIBERAL FEDERATION	91
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AND THE CONSTITUTION	92
THE GOVERNMENT AND LABOUR	92
WHERE WILL THEY SIT?	93
SHORT WORK WITH THE ADDRESS... ...	94
THE RELEASE OF EGAN	95
FINANCE	96
THE RECONCILIATION OF KING MILAN AND QUEEN NATHALIE. By Ch. Mijatovich	96
A SENILE WORLD	97
PONTIUS PILATE IN FLEET STREET ...	98
THE MODERN PRESS. IV.—*The Review of Reviews*	99
THE RIVAL LEAGUES	101
LIFE IN INVERTED COMMAS...	101
THE DRAMA. By A. B. W....	103
LETTER TO THE EDITOR: Licensing Reform	104
A LITERARY CAUSERIE. Cheerfulness in Literature. By A. T. Q. C.	104
REVIEWS:—	
Professor Caird's Essays	105
Two New Montaignes	106
Lowell's Aftermath	107
Fiction	108
The Age of Ice	109
First Impressions	109
BOOKS RECEIVED	110
ADVERTISEMENTS	111

THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME. THE opinion among the Tories and Liberal Unionists of London is that recent events in Egypt are "a great piece of luck" for the Government. Men who predicted that Ministers were certain to come to grief during the course of the session now say that they will "last another year at least"—all owing to the Egyptian crisis. We believe confidently in their lasting for another year, and longer also. But we demur to the suggestion that the Egyptian business is a "piece of good luck" for them. The last time that Mr. Gladstone was declared by certain enthusiasts to have had a wonderful bit of good fortune was when Alexandria was bombarded. People now see more clearly than they did at the time the real purport of that event; and there are few who do not regard it as having been almost the unluckiest incident in our recent history. It will be time enough to talk about the good fortune of Ministers in having to reinforce our garrison in Egypt, say twelve months hence. At present they are doing their duty because it is their duty. But they are not so foolish as to share the notion that Egypt has put them in luck's way.

WE are glad to see that Mr. Labouchere has done his best to put an end to the misconstruction—due probably to faulty reporting—of his recent interview with the Correspondent of the *Temps*. In this week's *Truth* he gives us a sober statement of his faith, so far as foreign affairs are concerned; and we are bound to say that it is one with which no sensible Radical can seriously quarrel. It is perfectly true that our occupation of Egypt is a misfortune for this country, and that our withdrawal from it at the earliest practicable moment is a measure enjoined upon us alike by our honour and our interests. Those of us who held these views when our party was in opposition have no right to abandon them now when we are in power. So far, we find ourselves in entire agreement with Mr. Labouchere. Where the member for Northampton seems to us to be in the wrong is in his refusal to consider seriously the actual obligations under which Great Britain is at this moment placed with regard to Egypt. We are there, and though we do not intend to remain there, we cannot retire precipitately nor until we have fulfilled our pledges both to Europe and Egypt.

STILL, we are not sorry that an able Radical politician like Mr. Labouchere should from time to time remind us of the truth about our Egyptian occupation, and its purely temporary character. All that we wish is that he would not mar the effect of his teaching by useless exaggerations and paradoxes, very apt to be misunderstood abroad.

SIR HENRY JAMES (who spoke at Bury on Wednesday night) has now joined the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain in "foreshadowing" what the *Times* calls "the fighting tactics" which the Opposition mean to pursue when Parliament meets. The general position of the Government is to be "vigorously attacked" on the Address, and Sir Henry James told his friends that the Home Rule Bill, whether it be good or bad, is to be contested clause by clause, line by line, and letter by letter. The *Times* urges the obstructionists to find encouragement in a certain utterance of Lord Kimberley's on Wednesday, which it describes as "singularly timid and tentative." The obstructionists will fall into a big mistake if they shape their action according to anything Lord Kimberley may thus have said. The Government is not composed altogether of Lord Kimberley; and the obstructionists will find to their cost that when they come to try on their "fighting tactics" they will be met, not by anything timid and tentative, but by fighting tactics of a remarkably drastic and effective kind. In other words, unscrupulous obstruction will be met by unhesitating use of the closure.

IT is well to prepare for what is before us. There is evidently a concerted plan amongst the Opposition leaders to obstruct and hamper the Government to the utmost of their no doubt very formidable obstructive resources. We will not pause to characterise the patriotism and decency of such a policy on the part of men holding their position in the State. Words are vain when politicians so far forget themselves. Luckily the Government is armed with something better than words for dealing with this attack. A weapon has been fashioned to its purpose by the gentlemen now in Opposition, and it is for a Liberal Government to show how really mighty a brand that can be in the service of the people when wielded by the proper hands. The closure is really a democratic institution. It makes for the saving of the public time and the sensible despatch of Parliamentary business. If only due notice is given of the manner in which it is intended to be used no one can complain of its operation. The Minister in charge of a Bill announces beforehand that (say) three days will be allowed for the second reading debate, and that at the end of that time the closure

will be moved for certain. If the Opposition want to debate the Bill seriously they can select their best speakers, and arrange with the Government whips the order of their coming on: in that case the debate will be about five hundred per cent. a more interesting and effective one than it would be if no limit had been fixed. If the Opposition only want to obstruct, let them blaze away. At the end of three days the knife falls, and there an end. This is how the closure can be used to meet the "fighting tactics" of Sir Henry James and his friends. If freely used, without hesitation or misgiving, the closure will enable the Government to get through their entire programme—these valiant filibusterers notwithstanding.

Mr. Chamberlain's little speech at Birmingham on Tuesday was a characteristic performance, though one ought to be a citizen of Birmingham, and to enjoy the proud satisfaction of having the great statesman as a neighbour and fellow-ratepayer, in order to understand his extraordinary outburst of cock-crowing. Birmingham, it seems, has been faithful to its favourite son, and this fact alone, in his opinion, atones for the rout of the Tory Government, and of the party of which Mr. Chamberlain himself was a prominent member. There was nothing new in his speech, though we are amused to find that, with characteristic ignorance, he repeated in cock-sure fashion the stupid fallacy of the Duke of Devonshire regarding the want of confidence of the House of Commons in the present Government. But, if Mr. Chamberlain could not say anything that was new, he was, at least, able to convince us of his determination to allow no nonsense about principle or former professions of faith to stand in the way of an absolute and undiscriminating opposition on his part to the policy of Ministers during the coming session. The zeal of the pervert burns in his heart, and it will not be his fault if, before many months are over, the people of England are left in any doubt as to the true character of the Radicalism of which he so long aspired to be the prophet.

Whatever may be the legitimate claims of the Labour Party so-called, it is certain that its attempts to "jump the claim" in such constituencies as Halifax can only do mischief alike to the cause of labour and to the only political party from which that cause has anything to hope for. At Halifax the Liberal Association, representing all sections of the party, has adopted Mr. Rawson Shaw, a son of the late member, as its candidate in the coming election. This has not prevented Mr. Lister from coming forward and claiming the votes of the electors as a labour candidate. Mr. Lister is not himself a working-man; there is very little to choose between his opinions and those of Mr. Shaw, and the only real difference between the two men is that Mr. Shaw possesses the confidence of the Halifax Liberals, and Mr. Lister does not. Yet because the latter chooses to call himself a labour candidate, he seems to think that he is entitled to override the Liberal organisation and the Liberal electors, and he has supporters in the press who share this view. It is to be hoped that the result of the Halifax election will be a lesson to those who try by devices of this sort to coerce the Liberal Party into acquiescence in demands which only a small section of the party support. It would be a real misfortune to the cause of Liberalism if such tactics as Mr. Lister and his friends have seen fit to adopt were to prove successful. If we have many cases like that of Halifax, the mere name of "labour candidate" will be enough to arouse suspicion.

Meanwhile candidatures like that of Mr. Lister at Halifax make the question of a second ballot one of very serious practical importance. When the payment of Members has been arranged for—as we hope it will be this session—the second ballot will become an absolute necessity. It might be well, therefore, to include it among the provisions of the Registration and Electoral Reform Bill which is to be brought forward at an early date. Only by a step of this kind can we obviate the loss of strength which both political parties have at times to suffer from the appearance on the scene of "independent" candidates.

It is amusing to note the trap into which Tory newspapers and Tory speakers made haste to fall when they heard of the release of the two dynamite prisoners, Egan and Callan. So far as Callan is concerned, we practically know nothing. His release was decided upon by Mr. Matthews before he left office, and it is his decision, and not that of Mr. Asquith, that has now been carried out. But Egan's case, it is notorious, has exercised the minds of many persons; and from the first there have been grave doubts as to his guilt. Guiltless he may not have been; but both Sir Henry James and Mr. Matthews had such serious doubts as to his complicity in the crime for which he was condemned that he would almost certainly have been set at liberty last summer if it had not been for the General Election. Mr. Asquith in this matter also has therefore followed in the footsteps of his predecessor. Nevertheless, this has not prevented an Ulster Member of Parliament from declaring that his release was "the result of a bargain between the McCarthyites and the Government," nor has it stopped Mr. Chamberlain from making an equally unfounded statement in his speech on Tuesday.

We trust that the sentiments we expressed a few weeks ago when dealing with the question of Disestablishment in England are beginning to animate an increasing number of Churchmen. There has been a vigorous controversy in the *Times* of late on two subjects—one, evening communions; and the other, auricular confession. That the evening administration of the communion is in conformity with the plain language of the New Testament is hardly to be contested. Nevertheless, there are those calling themselves English Churchmen—though, we fear, not Protestants—who regard the administration of the communion in the evening as a positive sin. As for the practice of confession in the English Church, the more readily the members of that Church grasp the fact that it is beginning to spread widely, the more quickly will they make up their minds to put an end to the whole system of pseudo-Romanism in a Protestant Establishment. The party of the priests will have to choose eventually between submission to the Church of Rome, within whose pale they would be in their proper place, and the disestablishment of the Church of England. In the meantime we trust that those who are not the supporters of the Establishment as a political institution will lose no opportunity of directing the attention of the country to the change which is creeping over both its doctrines and its practices.

There are, after all, a considerable number of tenant farmers in England who are not led astray by the economic heresies of Lord Winchilsea and Lord Pembroke. Cheshire has been to the fore in recent years in demanding land reform on Liberal lines; and on Wednesday a first conference of the Farmers' Federated Clubs of that county and its neighbours, held at Preston, demanded the three F's and a Land Court for England. Lord Winchilsea, meanwhile, was explaining to the Kentish men at Tunbridge Wells that he had been growing wheat at a loss—he assigned no reason for growing it at all—and suggesting that taxes on land should be replaced by an increased income-tax, and that

Imperial Federation should involve Free Trade within the Empire and Protection against foreign goods. If that ever comes, our farmers will speedily find themselves in a worse position than ever. Not to speak of Canadian meat and Tasmanian fruit, the stimulus to wheat production in India and the North-West Provinces of the Dominion will speedily extinguish all hope of profitable wheat-growing in England—until the world is populated beyond the means of subsistence. Moreover, a little attention to the elements of economics will convince the tenant-farmer that the rates and taxes of which he and Lord Winchilsea complain really tend to fall on his landlord.

THERE is a slight hitch in the progress of the private Bill by which the London County Council seeks to throw a portion of the costs of projected improvements on ground values and house property. A new rate, not exceeding fourpence in the pound, is to be collected, if the Treasury permit, along with the income tax, under Schedule A; and, like that tax, it will be collected from occupiers and deducted by them from their rent. It will be levied on all land and houses within the County of London, occupied and unoccupied alike, and the landlord will not be permitted to escape it by any special contract with his tenant. The Bill touches owners of leaseholds, but it is difficult to see why it should not. They benefit by improvements if, as is extremely likely, the property they possess is relet under a fresh lease before their ground lease expires. On the other hand, a rate of fourpence in the pound is not a serious matter, even to the smallest owner of ground rents. The Property Protection Society have published a pathetic appeal on their behalf; but it is hard to see why owners of the best of securities should be exempted from special taxation any more than publicans or buyers of stocks and shares.

WE called attention a few weeks ago, *à propos* of a speech of Mr. Bryce, to the advantage possessed by the democracies of France, Switzerland, and the United States over our own people in the teaching of the elements of politics which is given in their primary schools. It is satisfactory to see that the Education Department proposes to take steps to supply the deficiency. Mr. Acland told a deputation on Wednesday (this has been a week of deputations) that a new scheme for evening schools will shortly be issued, and that it will contain an extended syllabus on the life and duties of the citizen. It is in evening schools that the work was originally done in Switzerland, and that it can probably be done best. But it has spread there down to the primary schools; and we hope it will also spread downwards in England. Nothing could be more desirable for a democracy than instruction in elementary politics, freed—as it is abroad—from all party considerations.

DECIMAL coinage possesses immense advantages; but there are unfortunately special difficulties attending its introduction. As Sir William Harcourt told the deputation that urged the reform upon him last Wednesday, the poor man's unit is the penny, and we cannot afford to have that unit upset. Even in countries which have long possessed a decimal coinage, the popular mind has often scarcely accepted the reform. French peasants count in sous, and we suspect that German peasants still count in groschen, in spite of the First Revolution and the German Empire. Once upon a time—up to about five-and-thirty years ago—a coin called a shilling, and worth twelve and a half cents., existed in the United States. In the more provincial parts of the Union to this day—in Western New York, for instance—retail prices are occasionally reckoned in these shillings. Nay, even in California—which ought to be sufficiently advanced—Mr. Stevenson has told us how the only coins recognised for small payments are the "long bit" and the "short bit"—of which the former is the old-fashioned American shilling. But the crowning instance of popular prejudice against the institution is furnished by the island of Guernsey. There francs are the chief coins in circulation; but accounts are kept in pounds and shillings—not those of England, but of values peculiar to the island. And the Guernsey shilling is purely ideal.

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

ABROAD.

THERE is no use in looking at the despatch of reinforcements to Egypt as other than an unfortunate necessity. The troops have been despatched with the right promptitude, and already it is reassuring to learn the step has had a cooling effect upon the ebullient Cairene populace. If the Khedive is in a position to improve by the lesson likewise—that is to say, if he has been acting on spontaneous impulse and is not the tool of more important forces—all will be well, and may even be for the best. But the whole incident, with the vision which it raises up of a possible train of the most serious complications, is a vivid illustration of the embarrassing and dangerous, as well as the thankless and onerous, task which we undertook for Europe when we were drawn into the occupation of Egypt.

To speak plainly about the influences which may be working on the Khedive, that which is most prominent in the minds of those who have been watching certain diplomatic operations at Constantinople of late, is the effort undoubtedly being made to draw the Sultan into the Franco-Russian alliance and the possibility of his being offered a *quid pro quo* in the shape of support in his designs with regard to Egypt. The report which was circulated on Friday of his prolonged Cabinet Councils on the Egyptian crisis, and his consultations on the subject with M. Nelidoff, give some colour to this theory. But it is so palpably to France's best interests, from all points of view, to cultivate good relations with England, the Egyptian thorn in the cushion notwithstanding, that we hesitate to entertain this view, and content ourselves for the present with merely calling attention to it.

How much it is to be regretted that the French newspapers exercise so little self-restraint when discussing the Egyptian Question! Those of us who believe that it has been a signal misfortune for this country to have had the occupation of Egypt forced upon it, and who are really anxious to see a permanent and pacific solution of the question arrived at, cannot but feel that the manner in which the French newspapers discuss the subject does more to hinder that solution than anything else. These fire-eating *boulevardiers* of the *Temps* and the other Parisian newspapers might at least bear two things in mind. The first is the French occupation of Tunis, and the second the French retirement from the dual control in Egypt. So long as a French soldier remains in Tunis—to guard the province against the raids of the imaginary "Kroumirs"—it does not lie with any Frenchman to charge this country with hypocrisy or duplicity in prolonging the stay of its troops in Egypt; nor are we likely to listen to charges of ambition, arrogance, cupidity, and so forth, when the men who make these charges take no account of the fact that it was through the desertion of their own Government from our side that we were compelled to take that prominent part in Egypt which has cost us so much and secured for us so little, but which honour now compels us to maintain until our task has been accomplished.

Of the two Royal weddings of the week, neither has any particular political significance. Even the most zealous of that numerous class of historians of the present, who habitually treat the democratised States of western Europe as if they were the monarchies of the later Middle Ages, cannot discover any special import in the marriage of the German Emperor's youngest sister with a Prince of Hesse, or even of an Austrian Archduchess with a Prince of Würtemberg. But the former wedding has served as an occasion for the Czarewitch to visit Berlin—whence it may be inferred that the Czar desires to prove that the Russian Court is on excellent terms with that of Germany. The Emperor, on his part, has entertained his guest himself, instead of leaving him to the Russian Embassy. The Crown Prince of Roumania, too, has also suspended his honeymoon in order to be present at Berlin.

The banking crisis at Rome—"our little Panama," as it was called by a Milanese journalist some time ago—has reached very serious proportions, and may possibly endanger the Ministry. The statements in the article of our Italian correspondent last week have been more than verified by the disclosures made. The Ministry, it is argued, must have known how matters stood, since they had not only the unpublished report of Signor Alvisi, but those of the regular inspectors. Indeed, a circumstantial story is told of how a police official reported to a Minister that additional notes for the Banca Romana, to be put into circulation over its legal maximum, were regularly brought into Rome by a lady in a trunk, and how the Minister refused to take action to avoid a scandal and a crisis. Moreover, the Ministry recently nominated Signor Tanlongo of the Banca Romana, now under arrest, a Senator; both he and his chief cashier are said to have taken twenty-five million francs—represented by a receipt dated the 3rd inst.—and both, together with the absconding cashier of the Banca di Napoli (just arrested in the disguise of a priest), declare that plenty of politicians will follow them to prison. The Banca Romana did business with the Vatican. Signor Tanlongo attended mass daily at 4 a.m., and did much of his business in the sacristy; and the Pope is said to be a heavy loser. The Government has done its best to check the despatch of telegrams on the subject. A private bank has suspended payment at Rome. Declarations more or less reassuring were made by the Premier in the debate of Wednesday; but he obstinately refuses a Parliamentary inquiry. Perhaps this is wise, since one hundred and forty Deputies and several ex-Ministers of Finance are said to be compromised, and it is alleged that the expenses of Ministerial candidates at the General Election last year were largely paid by a loan (in an over-issue of notes) from the Banca Romana. Monarchies, after all, may be quite as corrupt as Republics.

The readiness shown by all parties in the German Reichstag—save the Social Democrats—to agree to some kind of compromise on the new Army Bills is in curious contrast to the refusals to surrender, and the readiness to face a dissolution, of which so much was said a few weeks ago. The fact is; the political parties are demoralised—in the Reichstag, by the compromising alliances some of them have formed at various times; in the country, by Anti-Semitism. The naval estimates have been passed readily enough; while the Bills introducing new taxes on the three "B's"—Bourse, beer, brandy, or rather spirits (*Branntwein*)—are now before the committee dealing with the military side of the scheme. It is on general considerations, of course, rather than on financial, that their fate depends. It is noticeable that the Chancellor has absolutely refused to consider the compromise, already proposed, of the enrolment of additional recruits up to the present peace footing. Indeed, his tone suggests that he is confident of carrying the scheme in its entirety.

After all there is no evidence that Baron Reinach did not die a natural death. After four weeks' experimentation, no trace of any known poison has been found in the body; but a poison hitherto absolutely unknown has been discovered. This, however, was eventually held to be some form of ptomaine—a poison generated by decomposition—and experiment on other corpses confirmed this conclusion. The result provides a new argument for the advocates of cremation. If post-mortem examinations of exhumed bodies are so likely to give misleading results, why not effect them once for all soon after death, and then finally dispose of the corpse?

M. Jaurès, the Socialist, has been elected for Carmaux on a second ballot by a majority of 472 on a poll of 10,000. However, it is significant that five bye-elections of various kinds were held in France on Sunday, and no Monarchist or Bonapartist candidate appeared anywhere. The Comte de Paris last week, through his mouthpiece the Comte d'Haussonville, advised his party to take up the *rôle* of defenders of Capital against Socialism and Anarchism. Carmaux has hitherto been a safe seat for a Reactionary. But the Monarchists have not attempted to contest it after recent events.

The negotiations for the formation of a stable Ministerial majority in Austria have been proceeding for a month, but are now suspended for a time. Apparently the Ministry foresees a fresh development of the "Bohemian compromise" question as to the partition of Bohemia into German-speaking and Czech-speaking districts for official purposes, and is negotiating with the landlord party in Bohemia, who hitherto have been hostile to the measure. In Hungary the situation is more strained than ever. The Ministry wished to admonish Bishop Schopper for his attack on them *à propos* of the introduction of civil marriage. The Emperor positively refused. Two Ministers, consequently, are meditating resignation, and the supporters of the Ministry are inclined to secede towards the party led by Count Apponyi. The Clericals, therefore, are gaining ground. But what effect will the action of the Emperor have upon the Nationalists?

Trouble is again threatening in Argentina. The Radicals blame the Federal intervention in Corrientes, and a Ministerial crisis has been impending for some days. Gold is rising, stocks are falling, and the country seems on the verge of another of the minor crises which the last two years have caused English investors to endure with resignation, if not with equanimity. The despair of the Finance Minister is a more serious matter; and the boudholders' committee appointed on Thursday has not come into existence a day too soon.

LITERATURE

Messrs. Macmillan are about to publish *Becket* in the form in which Mr. Irving will present it at the Lyceum. This edition will make it plain that the drama has been prepared for the stage solely by Mr. Irving, to whose judgment this task was willingly left by the late Laureate. *Becket* will be the sixth of Tennyson's plays which have seen the footlights. Of the others, *Queen Mary*, *The Cup*, *The Promise of May*, *The Falcon*, and *The Foresters*, three are associated directly or indirectly with the manager of the Lyceum. *Queen Mary* was produced at that theatre by Mrs. Bateman in 1876, with Mrs. Crowe as the Queen and

Mr. Irving as Philip II. *The Cup* was first played at the Lyceum six years later. It was Mr. Irving who suggested to the Laureate the subject of *The Foresters*, which was played in New York last year by Mr. Augustin Daly's company. *The Falcon* was presented to the playgoing public at the St. James's Theatre under the Hare and Kendal management. To the end of his life Tennyson was deeply disappointed by the failure of *The Promise of May*, which had one of the "stormiest" of receptions, in theatrical words.

A CORRESPONDENT writes, concerning our note last week upon the Laureateship, that Mr. Carton, Q.C., of Dublin, advocated Aubrey de Vere's claims to the office in a recent lecture.

THE "Life of Lord Aberdeen," to be published in "The Queen's Prime Ministers" series by Messrs. Sampson Low, will be ready on February 16th. It contains an unpublished letter from Her Majesty to the fourth Lord Aberdeen, several letters from Sir James Graham, a description of Lord Aberdeen by Mr. Gladstone, and also extracts from letters of that statesman to Lord Aberdeen. The volume throws much fresh light on the perplexities of the Coalition Government and on Lord John Russell as a colleague. Sir Arthur Gordon, we need scarcely add, was Private Secretary to his father when the latter, as Premier, presided over the Cabinet deliberations which led to the Crimean War.

MR. STEVENSON'S personal friends in this country were naturally alarmed by the announcement of his serious illness which reached this country last Saturday afternoon. That announcement has happily since been contradicted. The truth is that Mr. Stevenson has been for years in a very delicate state of health. This is the reason for his long exile from his native country. In Samoa he has found a climate which suits him admirably, and there is every probability that he will live long in his "happy island home." The worst of it is that, unless his health should undergo an unexpected and permanent improvement, we are never likely to see Mr. Stevenson again on the pavement of Piccadilly or in the smoking-room of the Savile Club.

A WORD of welcome must be given to the *Westminster Gazette*, which is, after all, only the old *Pall Mall* writ large. The new Liberal evening paper appears on Tuesday next, with the opening of the new Liberal Parliament, and will be doubly welcome after the rather dreary interval of colourless and meaningless political writing of which we have had experience in the Northumberland Street paper during the last two months. *London*, too, the organ of the Progressist party in the County Council, promises well under the editorship of Mr. Donald.

IT seems rather late in the day to attack the "abstract" teaching of the older English economists. It has been a commonplace of economic literature for at least twenty years that economic theory is chiefly valuable as a set of more or less provisional assumptions to enable the student to prepare for observing particular groups of economic facts. Mr. Frederic Harrison dealt with the danger of overlooking many elements in economic problems which are outside the sphere of the economist, in one of the earliest numbers of the *Fortnightly Review*, in 1865. Nay, Adam Smith did likewise. However, the Duke of Argyll does it again in his "Unseen Foundations of Society" (John Murray). It need hardly be said that current politics have directed his attention specially to the Ricardian theory of rent, on which he makes a tremendous onslaught. Next week we hope to deal in more detail with what strikes us at first sight as an interesting and suggestive, but extraordinarily dogmatic and rather belated, piece of work.

A DISTINGUISHED scholar has been added to the ranks of Cambridge professors by the election of the Rev. Joseph Armitage Robinson, of Christ's, to the Norrisian chair of Divinity, recently vacated by Professor Lumby. Mr. Robinson's name has lately been brought before the world in connection with the newly-discovered "Gospel according to Peter," on which he published a brief lecture, accompanying a "tentative edition" of the text; but he has been now for some time engaged upon the series of "Texts and Studies, contributions to Biblical and Patristic Literature," of which he is the general editor. Mr. Robinson has also been Dean of his college and Vicar of All Saints' Church.

SCIENCE. THIS year the difficult project of erecting a meteorological and astronomical observatory on the summit of Mont Blanc will, we hope, be successfully completed. The building has been transported in parts to Chamounix, and already some of the materials have been carried as far as the Grands-Mulets, which is at an altitude of 3,000 metres, and the Rocher Rouge (4,500 metres), lying about 300 metres below the summit. At these two altitudes cottages have been erected, one at the higher station as a place of refuge if necessary for the workers and observers, and the lower one as a store and house for the workmen. As yet the work has proceeded very slowly, owing to the fact that everything has had to be done by hand, but it is hoped that the putting up of the building will not absorb much time. The difficulty that arose with regard to the foundation was, as many of our readers may have heard, settled last winter from some experiments carried out at Meudon under the direction of M. Janssen, it having been decided to make use of the snow as a foundation. The observatory itself has been constructed in the shape of a truncated pyramid, and is made extremely strong and rigid, with double walls, windows, doors, shutters that can be hermetically sealed, and double-planked floors. As a precaution against the sinking of the snow underlying the observatory, screw-jacks are provided, so that the building can be kept horizontal.

OBITUARY. LORD STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL was the son of a most distinguished Chancellor, and himself exhibited an activity, and now and then an originality, very unusual among our hereditary legislators. Lord St. Oswald will be better remembered as Mr. Rowland Winn, long one of the Conservative Whips in the Commons. Cardinal Foulon was Archbishop of Lyons. Dr. Phillips Brooks, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts, was an orator of extraordinary productivity and energy, and a thinker of considerable power and originality; he was also one of the most rapid of speakers. The Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar, one of the Justices of the United States Supreme Court, had been Secretary of the Interior under President Cleveland, and was sent on a special mission to Russia by the Confederate Government in 1862. His career offers a striking instance of the completeness of the reunion of the United States—all the more, perhaps, because of the opposition to his appointment to the Supreme Court in 1887. Colonel the Hon. Oliver Montagu was an officer of some distinction in the service, as well as at Court and in Society. Mr. F. C. Wace, one of the Esquire Bedells of the University of Cambridge, and once Third Wrangler, was also prominent in municipal politics. Señor José Zorilla was the chief living poet and dramatist of Spain. Dr. William Price, of Llantrissant, was a self-constituted and eccentric representative of the Druids. His historical importance is due to the fact that he occasioned a legal decision in favour of the legality of cremation.

EGYPT.

ABBAS, whether moved merely by local intrigue and the promptings of his own rash young head or inspired by more formidable influences from outside, has chosen not to take his lesson in good part, and it has become necessary to strengthen Lord Cromer's hand by an increase of the British garrison. This is a regrettable necessity, but there was nothing else for it. Posing as a national hero who resists British dictation, countenancing anti-British demonstrations in the streets, and encouraging the Cairene press—the most reckless and irresponsible in the world—to lash up the excitable populace to the wildest ideas regarding the British occupation, the attitude of the young Khedive during the week has amounted to an open and dangerous defiance of our authority. There is only one answer to this. So long as we stay in Egypt the authority which we claim there must be maintained and respected. England may be anxious to leave Egypt—we believe the great majority of the English people are eager for evacuation—but while ready to go out in her own time and of her own free will, England cannot submit to be kicked out. The dignity and prestige of England so far prescribe otherwise, that, supposing we had actually decided on withdrawing from the country next week, such proceedings as those the Khedive has just lent himself to would necessitate our rescinding that decision and remaining until our position had been thoroughly reasserted. This is a fundamental principle of conduct as to which all Englishmen, Liberal or Tory, evacuationist or Jingo, are bound to think the same. It involves no prejudice to the question of eventual evacuation. We have been in Egypt since the suppression of Arabi's rebellion with the tacit consent of Europe. We have discharged our difficult duty there without infringing any legitimate rights or privileges possessed in Egypt by other nations. We do not mean to infringe these rights or privileges now, as Lord Rosebery's note has already formally assured the Powers. We make no new claim, and Lord Cromer, in insisting on the removal from office of an obstructive Minister, has exercised no new authority, none which he has not already put in force on several occasions, and which Lord Granville in 1884 defined as one of the essential conditions of our occupation. It is only the new Khedive who has chosen to test whether this authority would be backed up if necessary by the essential military sanction which is behind it. The despatch of reinforcements is the only way of clearing his mind on this matter with due convincingness; and the promptitude with which this step has been taken, following the promptitude with which Lord Cromer was instructed with regard to Fakhri, ought to be sufficient to undeceive not only Abbas, but his instigators, and to show them that, if their object be to hasten the departure of England, they have been for the past fortnight going precisely the wrong way about it.

This much, we repeat, is matter about which there can be no second opinion—a plain matter of duty to ourselves and to our national dignity which we have no choice but to follow out whatever the consequences. But there is no concealing the fact that the contumacy of Abbas and the demonstrations it has evoked during the week, give the situation in Egypt a new and grave complexion. We do not believe in shaking hands with the devil until you meet him, and we still hesitate, as we did last week, to entertain the theory that the Khedive is acting merely as the instrument of an occult policy directed through Constantinople from more Western capitals—a theory which would bring us face to face with not merely the Eastern Question, but with the European Question in its most imminent and tremendous aspect. We still cherish the conviction that the statesmen who direct the foreign policy of France think more of cultivating the good feeling of England than of purchasing the problematical co-operation of the Sultan at the price which would be involved in abetting his ambitious longings with regard to Egypt. The Sultan's reported conferences with M. Nelidoff, it is true, are not a reassuring symptom; but it is France which is most concerned here, and apart from external issues, France has too many and too valuable interests in Egypt to lightly desire the disturbance of conditions as necessary to the security of these interests as they are to our own. As it happens, there is ample room for explaining the Khedive's proceedings on personal and local considerations, and these considerations are serious enough. Abbas is young, headstrong, ambitious, and anti-English, with, apparently, more of the grandfather in him than of the tame and reasonable Tewfik. With this there is the fact, full of a cynical significance, that, notwithstanding our decade of patient well-doing, the Egyptian population, in the provinces as well as in Cairo, is ready at the first encouragement to seethe into an anti-English ferment which brings them to the verge of rebellion. This is a circumstance hinted at more than once in Mr. Milner's book, which would seem to indicate that the substructure on which the fair fabric of our reform in Egypt is reared is as yet far from sound. Indeed, it has been pointed out that there is now a generation of young Egyptians grown to manhood, like Abbas, since the bombardment of Alexandria, who do not appreciate all the facts of our occupation, and who burn with an ardent national spirit which knows only impatience of our presence. With an anti-English Khedive—if such he continue to be—counterworking our representatives, and with a population inflammable and hostile, there would be materials for trouble enough in Egypt without any help from foreign interference.

Our hope rests on three considerations: first, the prompt impressing on the Egyptian mind of the idea that we mean to stand no nonsense, and will stay in the country just so long as we are obstructed and trifled with; second, the equally emphatic impressing of the idea that we are determined to leave the country at the first favourable opportunity—an opportunity which it is for the Egyptians themselves, by facilitating our work, to create; and third, the youth of the Khedive. If Abbas is so young as to have mistaken his power and our character, he is also young enough to learn better. He will have a wholesome adviser in Riaz, who, if not exactly an enthusiastic reformer, is yet a shrewd and honest man, and a believer in English good faith. Riaz can teach Abbas that the surest and shortest road to securing his independence and that of his country is by co-operating with the English in hastening on the completion of their task; and if Abbas can learn this lesson he in turn can teach it to the young Egyptian Nationalists, with whom he is so popular. Thus would a sound seed of hope for his own and Egypt's future be sown, as well as a difficulty got out of. But the Liberal Government has the chief duty in this matter. It must give both England and Egypt the benefit of its Liberalism as well as of its nerve, and while it finds itself driven into strong courses in order to vindicate the national position, it must not forget to make it clear to all that it is pledged to evacuation as well as to reform, and that a Liberal Government is more determined than another that the pledge of evacuation shall be fulfilled.

THE LIBERAL FEDERATION.

IT is too late in the day to discuss Mr. Asquith's speech at Liverpool last week. By that speech the Home Secretary brilliantly justified the hopes of his friends, and advanced a step further in his career of rapid and steady progress. But we now stand too close to the Session itself to feel justified in discussing a political utterance which is already more than a week old. On Tuesday the whole world will be let into the secrets of the Ministerial programme, and any attempts to guess at those secrets now must of necessity be foolish and useless. But it is not too late to say something about the great political organisation to whose meetings at Liverpool the presence of the Home Secretary gave additional importance. The National Liberal Federation has always had plenty of critics, and it never had more than at the present moment. Enthusiastic politicians, burning with new-found zeal on behalf of the movement which for the moment seems to them to be of supreme importance, have always had a certain distaste for the Federation. To such persons it has naturally seemed to be too slow, too cautious—too old-fashioned, in short. Ardent youths, who have, perhaps, secured the control of an organ in the press, and who are apt to mistake their own outcries for the unanimous voice of the people, are very impatient if the Federation fails instantly to respond to their demands. It is then that they hurl maledictions against it, and threaten it with the loss of public favour and influence. This has been going on for years, and the Federation has prospered under the process. All the time it has been advancing, and has long since outstripped some of those who once considered it too slow in movement. We are not at all afraid that it will suffer greater harm from its present critics than that which it has encountered in the past.

The mistake of these critics is in their notion of the constitution of the Federation. They dream dreams of wire-pullers, official and otherwise; they talk about stereotyped machinery, political red-tape, and so forth, and they are for ever threatening the leading spirits of the Federation with an outbreak of genuine popular sentiment which is to sweep them away. We should hear less of this foolish talk if the critics knew the constitution and character of the body they condemn. The National Liberal Federation represents, in the widest and fullest sense, the working Liberals of England. If it was once ruled by a Birmingham clique, it has long since become free, and neither clique nor locality can now claim to have any special influence over it. Its real strength, moreover, has never depended upon the men at headquarters, strong and capable though those men are. It has been derived from the fact that in every constituency the men who take the most active part in promoting the interests of the Liberal party are those who have elected their representatives on the Federation. That body is, in short, the Parliament of the active Liberal workers and organisers throughout the country, and its first duty is to register and, so far as possible, give effect to their wishes. It is idle, in these circumstances, to threaten the Federation because on any particular question it does not move so fast or go so far as some desire. If the representatives of the New Socialism, or any other movement of the time, wish to control the Federation, there is only one mode in which they can give effect to their desires. They must influence public opinion in the constituencies, and induce those Liberal workers who are, after all, the backbone of our party, to share their views. Until they have done this they only waste their time by complaints against the organisation and its officers.

Nor is it reasonable to attack the Federation, as some of its critics do, because at its annual meetings there is nothing like free discussion on political questions. The purpose of those annual meetings is not to debate points of interest in connection with politics, but to give effect to conclusions which the constituent bodies of the Federation have already arrived at. Free discussion would indeed be absolutely incompatible with the usefulness of the Federation. A body of more than a thousand delegates could never get through their business in the appointed time if they were to turn themselves into a debating society, and discuss any particular question which any individual member might choose to raise. This fact is so obvious that it is difficult to see how reasonable men can ignore it. The real discussion of the resolutions which are submitted to the Federation takes place in the different Liberal Associations throughout the country. The greatest care is taken at headquarters to ascertain the opinions of the various associations on the points to be submitted to the annual meeting, and it is invariably the opinion of the majority of those associations which guides the executive in arranging the programme of that meeting. Complaints are made in some quarters that many of the leading persons connected with the Federation are rich men who can drive to the meetings in their carriages, and on this fact is founded a charge of want of sympathy with working men. Only those who do not know how the Liberal Associations are formed and how they carry on their work, will accept talk of this kind as well-founded. It is a good thing, not only for the Liberal party but for the country, that we have some men of wealth and social position in our party. Assuredly it will be a bad day for England when the social and political lines of cleavage coincide. But there is not a constituency in the kingdom in which the majority of the Liberal party is not composed of working men; nor do we believe that there is a single Liberal Association allied to the Federation the majority of whose members do not belong to the working classes. And let it be remembered that the vote of the working man in all these Associations counts for exactly as much as the vote of the wealthiest manufacturer. Those, therefore, who ignorantly ascribe hostility to the claims of labour to the Federation are really charging the true labouring party of the country with being hostile to itself. What they mean is simply that they have not yet induced the working men of England to accept their doctrines upon debatable points of labour policy.

We do not pretend to think that the National Liberal Federation is perfect; we are far from saying that it is not capable of improvement. To us it has always seemed that a mistake was made when the headquarters of the Association became practically identical with the official headquarters of the Liberal party. The Federation ought to stand apart from the Government, and from the official organisation of our party in Parliament. Its chief business is not to assist the Whips in doing their work, but to organise and stimulate public opinion in the constituencies. Its voice is certainly most powerful when it can speak as the representative of the Liberal voters of the United Kingdom, and convey their wishes and demands to the leaders of the party. In doing this work it has no superior and no equal at present; yet we can conceive of ways in which it might be enabled to do it still more effectually. In the meantime let those who complain of the Federation because it is not sufficiently responsive to their individual wishes, understand

that the remedy lies in their own hands. They cannot hope to bully the representatives of English Liberalism into the acceptance of any proposition which is distasteful to them. No amount of lecturing or leader-writing will induce the sturdy Liberals of the North of England to adopt a line that does not commend itself to their own judgment. But though these men cannot be bullied, they may be persuaded. If their critics can win the working classes, not in London only but throughout the country, to their side, they will have no reason to complain of the frigidity or hostility of the Federation. In that case it will represent the new opinions of the constituencies just as faithfully as it represents those which they now hold.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

IT is a great pity that prominent statesmen do not make it their business to study the Constitutional history of their own country. A very slight acquaintance with the Parliamentary annals of the last sixty years would have saved the Duke of Devonshire from the rash assertions which he ventured to make at Skipton last Saturday. It is true, no doubt, that other members of the Opposition have preceded and will probably follow him in the same kind of uninstructed reasoning. But his own position, as Leader of the Unionist Liberals, and the time at which his speech was made—the very eve of the Session—confer peculiar importance on his words. And so, though we might otherwise be disposed to pass over what the Duke calls "a good deal of rather loose speaking and writing," we propose to examine, with some care, the Duke's singular views on the Constitution of this country.

The first point which the Duke endeavours to establish is that the present Government "has never either asked for or received any vote of confidence or otherwise from the existing House of Commons." The existing House of Commons, indeed, the Duke admits, declared that it had no confidence in the late Government; but that, he contends, is a totally different thing from recording its confidence in the existing Administration. But surely the Duke must know that the last thing which the House of Commons ever does is to declare its confidence in any Administration. It proves its confidence by supporting its measures and by defeating its opponents; and, except on rare occasions—as, for instance, when the House of Lords has made the mistake of condemning a Government supported by the nation—the House of Commons has never expressly declared its confidence in Her Majesty's existing advisers. Why should it have done in 1892, or why should it do in 1893, what it did not do in 1841 or 1859? If the issue of "No Confidence" is to be raised, it can only be raised by the Opposition. The Duke, who is almost the only man alive who has personally pushed such a question to a successful issue, ought to know that this is the established practice of the British Constitution.

But the Duke then goes on to a still greater error. Before Parliament is called upon to discuss the merits of the measures which may be proposed to it, the first question it has to decide is whether the present Government has any right to propose those measures to it at all. If the Duke means by this language that it is the duty of the Opposition to raise the question of confidence during the debate on the Address, we pity our opponents for their tactics, but we cannot quarrel with them on Constitutional grounds. But if he only means to say, as we infer from his language that he does mean to say, that the present Government has no right because, though it represents a majority of the British people, it does not represent a majority of the people of Great Britain, we reply that the right of the present Government to bring forward its measures is precisely the same as the right of every other Government, from the days of Mr. Pitt downwards. Ministers enjoy that right because they have been called to office by the Crown, and because it has been the invariable practice to concede that right to Ministers to whom the Crown has entrusted power, till it has been shown, by express vote, that they do not enjoy the confidence of the House. A right which was conceded to Sir Robert Peel in 1835, who was placed in office by the will of the Sovereign, notwithstanding the adverse views of the majority of the House of Commons, cannot be refused to Mr. Gladstone in 1893, who has been called to office in consequence of a vote given by the House of Commons.

The third point on which we are at issue with the Duke is his contention that the Opposition have a right to know, even before the Address is passed, the general principles which underlie the Home Rule measure. We reply emphatically that they have no right to any knowledge of the kind; and that they have not only no right, but that they have not a shred of a precedent on which such a right could be claimed. None of the great reforms of the present century have been foreshadowed in the manner which the Duke claims it is right that Home Rule should be foreshadowed. All of them have been brought forward by responsible Ministers speaking at their own time. Why should the present Government depart from the practice of Lord John Russell, Sir Robert Peel, and all the great Ministers of the century? These men were at least as well versed in the rules of the Constitution as the Duke of Devonshire; and Mr. Gladstone may have the satisfaction of knowing that, if his practice does not accord with the theories of the leaders of the Unionists, it is founded on precedent and fortified by example.

THE GOVERNMENT AND LABOUR.

MR. MUNDELLA was able on Tuesday to explain his new Labour Department to two industrial deputations at the Board of Trade. The same day Mr. Asquith made an important announcement regarding factory inspection to five deputations who waited on him at the Home Office. These deputations deserve a word for themselves. We can imagine no more satisfactory evidence of a Government getting into touch with its true basis of strength and of a democracy learning how to use the true instrument of its progress than they afford. The two deputations who waited on Mr. Mundella represented the two most important industrial organisations in these Kingdoms, the Trade Union Congress and the Co-operative Union. Mr. Asquith's five were chiefly women's deputations—all, indeed, but one which came from the Trade Union Parliamentary Committee. It is not the first time, of course, that deputations of the kind have been received by Cabinet Ministers. But it is the first time that the same sort of *rapport* has been evinced between precisely this class of deputation and the members of a Government in power. Here were no formal and unsanguine addresses responded to with distant official platitudes and pompous evasions. The Ministers came to the representatives of labour with actual reforms in their hands and with straightforward promises which had the ring of sincerity and earnest purpose. And the depu-

tations, in entering the Government offices, felt as if they were in an atmosphere of sympathy, and by no means in the chill air of old-fashioned officialdom. Mr. Asquith, indeed, driven from the Home Office to the Foreign Office in search of a room large enough to accommodate his numerous visitors, and then having to address them under circumstances of "standing room only," seemed quite as if he were at some enthusiastic Radical meeting. Only it was not a Radical politician reiterating pledges, it was a Radical Minister announcing their fulfilment; it was not the man in Opposition bestowing criticisms and promises with a sense of freedom and irresponsibility, it was the man in power coming into direct contact with the people, and in their presence, so to speak, translating promise into performance.

Looking a little further ahead than the immediate present, we are disposed to attach to this aspect of Tuesday's proceedings even more importance than to the actual reforms then announced. It is an object-lesson which must have a fruitful effect upon the country, and the significance of which Ministers themselves would do well to ponder. We say this in no spirit of opportunism. Very much the contrary. Everyone who is capable of feeling the trend of events knows that we are now at a great turning-point in our social and political history. The ideas of all parties, let us frankly recognise, are as yet in a state of flux and hesitancy with regard to the looming problems which all see to be inevitable, but which none have as yet adequately faced. The future—not that of to-morrow or next day, but the future of the generation—will lie with that party which first meets the people eye to eye with confidence regarding these problems, which shows itself most eager to grapple with them and most bold and thorough in its method of doing so. That is one fact; another is that it will be a calamity for the cause of progress, no less than a stultification of its own *raison d'être*, if the party to whom this trust is to fall is not the Liberal party. For this reason it is essential that, between now and the greater election which is to come, every act of Liberal Ministers in the direction of democratic reform should bear upon it the stamp of thoroughness and courage, and should be considered not merely in its intrinsic character but with a view to its resultant effect in convincing the people that the Liberal party is in the new state of things, as in the old, the true and natural instrument of democratic evolution.

We rejoice that the reforms announced by Mr. Mundella and Mr. Asquith this week are eloquent of the evidences of this strenuous spirit. Mr. Asquith's, indeed—comprising provision for very extended factory inspection and the appointment of women inspectors, as well as a scheme for freeing the Employers' Liability Act from the paralysing influence of the theory of "common employment"—are but the sequel of a long train of administrative reforms which he has been spiritedly carrying out since he came into office. Mr. Mundella's Labour Department, however, is something new as well as bold. It is, as Mr. Mundella has framed it, practically on the lines which we described last week, with the exception that it does not yet include any provision for serving as a Board of Conciliation in trade disputes. That is a function, however, which we hope to see added by-and-by. For the rest, we are glad to recognise that the department is organised according to the best plan which the experience of other countries can suggest. Dr. Gould's bureau in Washington is the model mainly, but not entirely, followed. The correspondents will be independent officials and not mere Trade Union secretaries sending in reports in their spare time; and the department will be directed by a capable head in the person of Mr. Llewellyn Smith, with a capable right-hand man in the person of the well-tried Mr. Burnett. It is a project with a great future before it, and Mr. Mundella is to be congratulated in being the Minister associated with its inception.

WHERE WILL THEY SIT?

IT is understood that the great question is still undecided. The gentlemen who take credit for possessing a monopoly not only of the brains and wealth, but of the Liberalism of the Liberal party, are suffering agonies of doubt and indecision concerning the proper place in which to sit in the new House of Commons. Shall they boldly join hands with their political allies, the Tories, and openly avow themselves members of the Opposition? To take this course would be manly, straightforward, and honest; but it is not on that account that we may expect them to take it. Has not their great leader, the Duke of Devonshire, just announced that the present House of Commons has not yet shown any confidence in Mr. Gladstone, and may he not be buoyed up by the hope that when the Liberal party finds itself drawn up in its strength in Parliament it will promptly expel the present Ministry and place its fortunes in the hands of the Liberal Unionists? The man who is capable of saying what the Duke of Devonshire said last Saturday is capable of believing anything; and it is just possible that he and Mr. Chamberlain think that the Treasury Bench may after all be the appointed place of the Liberal Unionist leaders in the new House of Commons. Happily the question which now disturbs the minds of the pundits of Unionism is not one of much consequence to anybody else. We cannot now witness a repetition of the scandalous spectacle which was presented in the old Parliament, when three or four gentlemen deliberately seated themselves in the midst of the men to whom they were most violently opposed in politics, and by so doing inflicted upon them the greatest possible amount of personal embarrassment and annoyance. Until Mr. Chamberlain induces the Liberal party to give him that vote of confidence which the Duke of Devonshire evidently believes to be within the range of possibility, the Treasury Bench, at all events, will be kept free from Liberal Unionist invasion, and Ministers will be able to consult together without being compelled to let the Opposition into their secrets.

It may be that Mr. Chamberlain and his friends will feel that it is only by acting on the flank of the enemy that they can really harass him, and that in consequence of this belief they will sit below the gangway on the Ministerial side of the House. If they should venture to do so we may expect a rather lively time during the coming Session. We do not know that there is a single "corner-man" below the gangway who is prepared meekly to give up his place to Mr. Chamberlain or Sir Henry James. Mr. Labouchere is always willing to treat his opponents with affability; but he will hardly go the length of sacrificing his own favourite seat to the arch-enemy. Nor will Mr. Cobb or Mr. Picton look on with placid satisfaction at an act of usurpation which substitutes the bitterest opponents of Ministers for their friends. Upon the whole, we are inclined to think that if it is merely their own convenience and comfort which the Liberal Unionists have in view, the best thing they can do will be to stick to the places they had in the last Parliament. Mr. Chamberlain will thus retain his position as a "front bench man," and he and Sir Henry James will be at hand to advise Mr.

Balfour and Lord Randolph Churchill on the tactics to be pursued for the purpose of dislodging the Ministry. However, it is just possible that the Liberal Unionists may decide that principle requires them to sit among the Ministerialists. In that case one thing at least ought to be made plain to them. If on every question save that on which they split from their party—the question of Ireland—they are prepared to give Ministers a fair hearing and to support them so far as their proposals are consistent with Liberal principles, then the Liberals will have no right to object to their sitting amongst them. This, of course, is as it should be; we may go further, and say that this is as it must be, if the Liberal Unionists are honest in their professions. But if, on the other hand, these gentlemen propose to attack Ministers not merely upon their Irish policy, but upon every question that seems to furnish the Opposition with a chance of doing damage to the Government, then their presence on the Liberal benches will be nothing short of an outrage upon public decency, and will do much to embitter a situation which is already bitter enough. We are not among those who believe that the Liberal Party will under any circumstances recover all those whom it has lost since 1886. "I came out with Lord Hartington, but I'll be dashed if I go back with him," were the words used by a distinguished Liberal Unionist peer a year or two ago in reply to talk of reunion, and they express the sentiments of many of the Secessionists. Such men are acting with deliberate dishonesty when they continue to sit on the Liberal benches and to hide themselves under the name of the party they have abandoned. But, nevertheless, we hope and believe that there are still among the Liberal Unionists some who have not cast off their Liberalism like an old garment, and who are prepared to support a Liberal Government when giving effect to Liberal principles anywhere except in Ireland. Such persons may without impropriety take their seats on the Liberal benches next Tuesday. But is Mr. Chamberlain to be reckoned amongst the number?

SHORT WORK WITH THE ADDRESS.

IN one of his thoughtful speeches on social questions Mr. Haldane once spoke of members of the House of Commons as "the people's men of business." Why does this phrase strike us as so irresistibly comic, even when delivered with all Mr. Haldane's gravity? The average British member is staid, solid-looking, and not over-eloquent—a man of forty and of means. He has no Gallic levity, no German profundity of detailed knowledge, no American readiness, no Irish enthusiasm—nothing, in fact, which would palliate, if not justify, occasional verbosity. He has usually been successful in his private business, and might be expected to be equally successful in managing the business of others. Yet the House of Commons is about the worst business assembly in the world. The French Chamber is not perfect, but it would never stand the sort of nonsense which occupies the House of Commons for hours and days. The American Congress is a highly organised business machine. It is said that strong language is sometimes used in the legislature of Texas, but even in that they have the advantage over us, for a good imprecation is less offensive than a hashed-up magazine article. Our legislators discuss and debate and do nothing, until the blunt common-sense of the democracy has dubbed St. Stephen's a "talking-shop." If this sort of thing goes on much longer, it may lead, by a route of its own, to the same distrust of Parliamentarianism which is prevalent abroad.

The present is a good time for the House of Commons to turn over a new leaf. The majority are keenly anxious for reform. The minority saved their seats by saying they were more advanced on English questions than the Liberals. Whatever they may do or say where Ireland is concerned, the present Opposition cannot afford to openly obstruct beneficent English legislation. If, indeed, the Government's social Bills were drafted in a half-hearted spirit, a group of Tory Democrats could effectively obstruct them by proposing to "go one better." But if the Bills prove, as we believe they will, to be as thorough as were ever introduced by any Government, obstruction would only bring grist to the Liberal mill. So that the situation within the House is eminently favourable for British reform. Outside the House the eager expectation of the people will immensely strengthen the hands of the Government. The prospect can only be spoilt if the Opposition are encouraged to waste time on full-dress debates. We call upon Liberal members to give the Government what was promised at Newcastle on behalf of the Irish members, "a steady and, what is better, a silent support."

Speech is a most effective weapon wherewith to attack a Government, but an antiquated blunderbuss for the purpose of defence. It is the duty of a Minister to reply shortly and courteously to any serious attack which concerns him. It is the duty of the private member to wait quietly till the attack has spent itself, and then follow his leader into the division lobby. There may, of course, be exceptions. It would be as cruel to prevent Mr. Labouchere airing his paradoxes as it would be to deprive him of his cigarette. Cases of conscience may arise. A few words of criticism plainly put are sometimes of service in Committee. On a great occasion like the second reading of the Home Rule Bill a certain liberty of utterance may be allowed. But, as a general rule, the Liberal who takes up much time during the coming session must expect to be put down as either a conceited self-advertiser or a disappointed place-hunter. Public opinion must be educated as to the necessity of silent members. With all deference to Mr. Frederic Harrison, what is most wanted to put Home Rule—and the rest of our programme—through, is not so much new rules or the frequent use of the Closure, as self-restraint on the part of supporters of the Government.

The first opportunity for this self-denying ordinance is the debate on the Address. An active county Liberal is to propose, and an active London Liberal is to second, that respectful document. It is usual for the leader of the Opposition to thereupon rise to criticise the speech, and for the leader of the House to reply to him; but there is no reason why the debate should go any further. Nothing has been done of any importance since the Prorogation on which the two parties seriously differ, except perhaps the appointment of the Evicted Tenants' Commission. On this subject there will be subsequent opportunities for debate. It is simply absurd to spend time discussing the mere catalogue of future legislative proposals when the measures themselves would be before the House in a week or two if members would only restrain their verbosity. It is said that Mr. Redmond will move an amendment condemning the Government for not releasing all the dynamiters, while Mr. Chamberlain will move another condemning them for releasing two of them. But Mr. Redmond will do nothing of the sort if he is really anxious to help Home Rule forward, and Mr.

Chamberlain will restrain his venom if he first consults his colleague, the Member for East Birmingham, as to the facts concerning Egan and Callan. So we hope to see the Address voted immediately after Mr. Gladstone sits down on Tuesday afternoon, and if (which we cannot help) the Tories or hyper-Tories insist on prolonging the debate, no Liberal should assist their obstruction by saying a word. To those Liberals who have philippics in their pockets, we should only suggest the existence of private members' days. Mr. Biggar had a maxim—there is no better for a self-respecting obstructionist who obstructs for good cause, and not from the mere love of hearing himself speak—Never to speak except in Government time. Reverse the maxim, and you have the whole duty of a supporter of the Government. On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, he may call attention to real grievances without doing his party any harm. But why in the name of all the vanities should he wish to speak upon the Address?

THE RELEASE OF EGAN.

WE congratulate the Home Secretary upon his courage. To do what you believe to be right, and face the blame, ought not to be difficult to a British statesman. It is only doing Mr. Asquith the bare justice which is his due as a vertebrate being to suppose him tolerably indifferent to the condemnation of the *Times* newspaper and the milder censure of its distinguished apologist and advocate, the ex-Attorney-General. But in ordering the release of Egan, after enduring nine years' penal servitude, Mr. Asquith has done more than expose himself to the abuse—the not very sincere abuse—of the Tories and Liberal Unionists; he must be content for a season to be the victim of the praise and to have excited the hopes of those who believe that the time has come when freedom should be restored even to the avowed dynamiter. This misconception, for misconception we are persuaded it is, of the Home Secretary's action and frame of mind will be harder to bear, more galling to the spirit, than Tory abuse or the acrid sneers of a soured Liberalism. And this is why we congratulate Mr. Asquith upon his courage. Egan has been let out of prison because there is no good reason to believe that he was a dynamiter; Daly is kept in prison because it is certain he was one. That Egan's case is distinguishable from Daly's has always been admitted since their trial in 1884. The late Home Secretary admitted this to be so in the House of Commons; and no mortal man ever kept more zealous watch and ward over the prison-cell than did Mr. Matthews, who, whatever may have been his faults, was a Minister with an ideal of public duty, and not a mere clerk with a principal's salary. Any admission made by Mr. Matthews in favour of a prisoner may be treated as the plainest of proved facts. The distinction between the cases is this—whilst Daly and Egan were both Fenians, there was no satisfactory evidence bringing it clearly home that Egan was Daly's accomplice in any dynamite outrage perpetrated or intended; there is a difference, indeed, between the two cases, and it is on this difference the Home Secretary has acted.

Treason-felony is no joke, and Egan was undoubtedly guilty of treason-felony. Allegiance is the religion of politics. To disturb settled government by an appeal to force in a land where, however badly laws may be administered, free speech and the right of public meeting are allowed and practised, is a crime which not only merits but requires heavy punishment. Treason-felony, we repeat, is no joke; but then no more is penal servitude for nine years. For nine years Egan has endured torture—torture involved in his sentence, and for which therefore he is not entitled to commiseration; and torture at the hands and mouths of filthy-minded prison warders, not involved in his sentence, and therefore matter for condolence and consideration. In the opinion of Her Gracious Majesty, the fountain of mercy, acting upon the advice of a responsible servant of the Crown, Egan has had enough; and therefore it is that the door has swung open, and, after long years of slavery and horror, he walks out a free man, and holds converse with his friends. To preach to him is not our province; the penalties for treason-felony we may, however, remind him, remain the same as before. At the trial in 1884 there was necessarily some commingling, if not confusion, of the facts sufficient to prove treason-felony and of those necessary to prove complicity in dynamite outrage; and as of Egan's guilt of treason-felony there was no reasonable doubt, and as of Daly's guilt as a dynamiter there was no doubt, it is easy to see how the distinction between the two cases was from the first obscured. Nor was the distinction one which, having regard to the frame of the indictment, the jury was bound to draw. Both men were guilty. That was enough to justify the verdict.

It has been said that if Egan did not know all Daly was plotting, and the use to which he was putting Egan's back-garden, our English police are guilty of getting up a false charge against an innocent man and of supporting it by perjury. This is very wild hitting. To be wrongly accused is one of the risks of citizenship; to accuse somebody is one of the instincts of "the force." Egan has no right to complain of bad treatment even on the dynamite charge. *Noscitur a sociis* is an excellent maxim, and the man who falls within its scope exposes himself to grave perils. But the maxim is not yet accepted in any court of law as proof-positive of anything but an ill-chosen circle of acquaintance. The intimate friend of Daly is not therefore a dynamiter, but he must not be angry if a jury are at no great pains to say he is not one.

We have already remarked that the note of sincerity, the accents of conviction, are not very apparent in the diatribes of the Tory press against the release of Egan. Their blustering tone points to an intention to make use of the incident rather for the purpose of infuriating the groundlings and making the provincial platforms shake under the weight of a Bartlett or a Marriott, than for grave Parliamentary censure. The prudence of this line of action is suggested by the well-known fact that the late Government had made up its mind to let Egan out on the first opportunity. All, therefore, they can reasonably pretend to quarrel with is the particular time chosen. Mr. Chamberlain, no doubt, is not exposed to any such retort, and he therefore is put up to talk about "blackmail to treason," and to use other fine phrases which naturally rise to the lips of the one living politician who has always held proudly aloof from the Nationalist party, and who has never held converse in room or lobby with disloyal or disaffected persons. Despite all Mr. Chamberlain's simulated ferocity and virtuous indignation, we doubt whether he will be at great pains to bring this matter before the attention of Parliament; but if he or any other member does so bring it, we are sure that Mr. Asquith will find alike easy and honourable the task of justifying the policy which has kept Daly in prison and let Egan out.

FINANCE.

THERE is much difference of opinion in the City as to the wisdom of the decision come to by the directors of the Bank of England on Thursday to lower their rate of discount to 2½ per cent. All the great continental countries are competing eagerly for gold. Thoughtful observers fear that withdrawals from the Bank of England may now begin on a considerable scale. Knowing this, the directors kept their rate at 3 per cent. for over three months, but the pressure brought to bear upon them by the other banks has compelled them to yield against their better judgment. The danger is that the unthinking may assume that all cause of apprehension is now gone, especially as gold is being exported from New York in very large amounts. Prudent people, however, will do well to bear in mind that the exports from New York may be stopped at any moment, either by the action of the Government or by the alarm of bankers, and then the only market in which gold can be obtained is London. Meanwhile, however, the depression in trade and agriculture and the paralysis of speculation have so lessened the demand for banking accommodation that the rate of discount in the open market has been no better than 1¼ per cent. throughout the week, and that even at the Stock Exchange Settlement the banks were able to obtain only about 2¼ per cent. The demand for silver for India continues as great as ever, and the India Council is selling its bills and telegraphic transfers very freely at fairly good prices, considering all the circumstances. In the United States the opinion appears to be spreading that the Silver Purchase Act will be repealed some time this year, that therefore the increase in the note circulation will not exceed fifty or sixty millions of dollars, and that the country can employ that amount, or at all events that, even if the amount is not required, it will not cause serious trouble. Hence there is a better feeling in the market than for a considerable time past.

The prompt action of the Government in reinforcing the garrison in Egypt has made a very good impression in the City. In France, too, the excitement respecting the Panama scandals seems abating. There has been an undoubted recovery upon the Bourse, and though there is still a good deal of apprehension, it is by no means as keen as it was. A little while ago there were fears of a run upon some of the great joint-stock banks, but though the banks are still strengthening themselves by taking gold from London, it is hoped now that the run will not take place. The improvement in trade both in India and South America is also inspiring a better feeling. But, in spite of all, the better informed fear that the recovery in prices during the past week or two has been altogether too rapid, and in most cases has been quite unjustified. The railway dividends so far announced are better upon the whole than had been expected; but trade is very bad for all that, and agriculture is exceedingly depressed. The silver crisis still hangs over us, and is likely to remain unsolved for some time to come. Everywhere on the Continent, moreover, there is political unrest and financial danger. All sensible people, therefore, are unwilling to enter into new risks, and are looking on with wonder while a few reckless speculators are putting up prices here and there. But while the public is acting very cautiously, the great success of the Mauritius Loan this week would seem to show that there is a very real demand for investment. The loan amounted to £600,000, bearing interest at 3 per cent., and guaranteed by the Imperial Government. The applications exceeded five millions, or were about eight and a half times the amount offered for subscription, and the average price obtained was £105 7s. 10d., or £4 7s. 10d. above the minimum price fixed. Allowing for redemption in forty-seven years, the yield upon the price is about 2¾ per cent. This extraordinary success was, of course, mainly due to the guarantee by our own Government. The Australasian Colonial Governments have not yet recovered their old credit. The Queensland Government is about to bring out a loan next week, and it is reported in the City that a syndicate has been formed to underwrite it, getting a commission of about 1½ per cent. The loan will be offered for subscription by the Bank of England, and it is significant of the opinion of Queensland credit in the City that even the Bank of England's prestige is not thought good enough to secure the success of the loan without artificial measures against failure.

THE RECONCILIATION OF KING MILAN AND QUEEN NATHALIE.

AFTER the abdication—renunciation; after the renunciation—reconciliation; and what next? This is the question which politicians, not only in Serbia but throughout Europe, are now asking each other. This is the question which professional newspaper writers on the Continent put in large type, gladly seizing the opportunity which the restless and passionate individualities of Milan and Nathalie give them, to introduce some colour of romance into the tedious and prosaic reports of everyday political and social life.

The reconciliation of King Milan and Queen Nathalie may be, in the first place, a fact of some interest to a student of psychology. They are both, even to their nearest friends, somewhat perplexing psychological problems. But persons who know them intimately are not surprised by what now has happened. When, in May, 1888, the Queen suddenly left Florence to return to Belgrade, King Milan moved earth and heaven to arrest her progress, and succeeded in stopping her in Vienna, where he went to see her and their son previously to their departure for Wiesbaden. On his return to Belgrade his first words were a glowing description of her increased beauty and charms, and of the remarkable progress which his boy had made under her guidance. On that occasion a Cabinet Minister said to him: "Sire, I am happy to hear you speak of her Majesty with all the ardour of a young lover!" "No," he answered; "I think really I hate her; yet just so as she says there is always a corner in her heart where a candle is perpetually burning before the holy picture of Holy Russia, so I, too, to my own surprise, come sometimes suddenly upon a corner of my heart where something like a flame of love for her is still lingering!" On another occasion, after the divorce was pronounced, a Minister went to lay before him certain reports concerning certain steps which the Queen was supposed to be contemplating. Then his Majesty went into one of those paroxysms of anger in which he often declared he would gladly commit suicide if he was sure his doing so would do her harm; yet, when his rage passed away and he was quieter, he said, in subdued tones, as if deeply moved, "And yet, you will perhaps not believe me, I love her still!" That these rays of love for her sometimes most unexpectedly broke through the dark and thunderous clouds of hatred was known well to most of those who were in his confidence, and it was this fact that gave rise to the supposition, that all the conduct of King Milan towards Queen Nathalie, after the Bulgarian war, his divorce, and his abdication, were only effects of the hypnotic influences of some evil-disposed person.

In Vienna there appears to be now some apprehension as to the possible consequences of this reconciliation, *if* it has been brought about by Russian influence. But there is absolutely no foundation for such an hypothesis. The Tzar and his Government, from the very beginning of the quarrel between King Milan and Queen Nathalie, decided in no way to interfere, and have never altered that decision. Indeed, the Tzar positively refused to give his advice, even at a moment when one word of his

to Queen Nathalie would have prevented that painful scene at Wiesbaden and its unfortunate consequences. Neither did M. Ristitch nor any other personage use his influence in that direction. King Milan acted throughout on his own impulse. The true explanation can only be found if one examines the complex working of several influences. Probably the first turning-point of the new departure lies in the fact that the King has become thoroughly tired of the boulevards of Paris. After all, that so-much-decried life of Vanity Fair always finishes by teaching an important moral. The moment the vanities of such a life strike a man, a sense of the earnest responsibilities of life asserts itself. It is not Russia, it is not even Serbia, it is *Paris* itself which has sent King Milan to Biarritz to seek a reconciliation with his wife.

A still greater influence has been the genuine love of King Milan for his son. Even the most bitter enemies of the ex-King, who deny him every other noble sentiment, acknowledge his deep and sincere devotion to his boy. The brilliant spectacle at Sigmaringen two weeks ago, the beauty and happiness of pure family life, and the triumphs of the sustained efforts of an earnest nation led by an earnest King, must have impressed King Milan in a deep and special manner. What chance had the young King Alexander to win a bride who would bring happiness to him and honour to his country as long as his throne was surrounded by the dark shadow of his parents' divorce? King Milan and Queen Nathalie have never ceased to have *one* bond of union—their great love for their son. *There* was the ground on which they *could* meet, and on which they *have* met again. The reconciliation of his parents clears the path of the young King Alexander, and he can look now with more confidence for a bride. The wedding of Princess Marie of Edinburgh and the Crown Prince of Roumania may be but the beginning of happy home lives for other Balkan princes.

The political condition of Serbia, which was going rapidly from bad to worse, had, no doubt, much to do with the determination of King Milan to make peace with Queen Nathalie. The fierce struggle between the Liberals and the Radicals has assumed a dynastic character. If the Radicals obtain a majority at the general election on the 6th of March, not only will the Regents be swept away, but, in all likelihood, the dynasty Obrenovich will be speedily replaced by that of Kara-Georgevich. It is not that the bulk of the Radical party is composed of anti-dynastic elements; but, unfortunately, some of the most capable and influential leaders of that party are decidedly against the reigning dynasty, and will not hesitate to transform the victory of their party into the victory of the pretender whom they support. There is a serious danger that this may take place. The Liberal party, with M. Ristitch at its head, and the Progressists, with M. Garashanin as their leader, are supporters of the Obrenovich dynasty. But both these loyal parties have been seriously disorganised by the conflict between King Milan and Queen Nathalie, as some members of each have sided with the King, others with the Queen. This disorganisation is so evident, and the danger to the dynasty so serious, that it is no wonder that King Milan and Queen Nathalie should at last make a supreme effort to strengthen the cause of their son by strengthening the hands of his loyal supporters. A more efficient way to achieve that object could not be imagined than this of their reconciliation. Its immediate effect will be the re-establishment of unity and the increase of ardour amongst the supporters of the young King Alexander. This is the only *political* result which the reconciliation can have. King Milan has not the slightest desire to reassume the reins of government, neither do the ex-King's most devoted friends desire that he should.

MIJATOVICH.

A SENILE WORLD.

TWENTY years or so ago most of us were filled with hope and confidence as to the future of mankind. Progress was not a mere exceptional incident: it was a necessity. The future of the world lay with the most civilised races; by preference, with those of English or Teutonic origin. In each society a high standard of comfort and prudential restraint from early marriage was to falsify the predictions by which Malthus had demolished the Utopian dreams of Godwin. There was to be perpetual peace; little or no permanent poverty; less and less suffering in each succeeding age. Mankind were to produce wealth, to apply science, to unite in a purified worship either of Humanity or of the Unknowable, and to settle all their differences in the Federal Parliament of the world.

Science, of course, somewhat tempered the hopes it had raised in unscientific minds. It was pointed out soon enough that existing species were almost as often degenerate as progressive, and that in the struggle for bare existence degeneracy often gave a distinct advantage in permitting life under simpler conditions. It was seen that "prudential restraint" in the nature of things must cause the higher types to be crowded out by lower. Again, the struggle for existence among men clearly required mitigation, even against the interest of those fittest to survive. The book before us* does not directly insist on these objections, but it verifies them by two sets of facts, which—apart from the inferences drawn from them—are beyond the possibility of dispute.

First: Races with lower standards of comfort can obviously multiply faster than Europeans, and live in a multitude of places where Europeans sicken and die. The very advent of British rule increases their security, and stimulates their increase. In Natal the white race is one in fourteen; in Cape Colony it is one in four. Malaysia (at least in part), Central Asia, perhaps North Australia, are destined for the Chinaman. So, perhaps, are parts of South America—in rivalry with the negro or Indian, the latter of whom is gaining on his Spanish and Portuguese conquerors, where he is capable of civilisation at all. Africa—except the north and extreme south—is also for the Chinaman, the negro, or the Hindoo; assuredly not for the European colonists whom some dreamers have hoped to settle round Kilima-Njaro and in Uganda. Moreover, as Australian experience shows, the competition of the Chinese in particular cannot be met by the European workman. He simply cannot live on their wages. Elsewhere—as in South Africa—pride of race prevents the white man from working by the side of black or yellow mates. Give these lower races European methods of production and their goods will flood the European markets. Secondly: English democracies even at the Antipodes and despite their invidualist traditions have a strong tendency to State Socialism and Protection, which this competition will immensely stimulate.

Given these two sets of facts, duly backed by irresistible evidence, Mr. Pearson attempts, calmly, temperately, and with a rare breadth of view and fertility of illustration, to estimate the loss and gain of the change. Great towns must grow; must divorce man from communion with Nature; must weaken, on the average, his stamina, and break up the family—"the one indestructible element in human society." Under the new order, moreover, there will be a twofold check on migration. Men will be kept at home to secure their contribution to the national wealth. They will be kept out of all other labour-markets than their own. The State will to a great extent take the place of the family and the Church; as a moral teacher—though of a lower morality, but still performing the moral functions of the Church, with

* "National Life and Character: A Forecast." By Charles H. Pearson, late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, and some time Minister of Education in Victoria. Macmillan & Co.

greater success than the Church has yet achieved. Nor will the State be absorbed in Humanity. States will be trade rivals, fighting for bare economic life, and keeping up armies and fleets just as they do now. With all this, individual character must decline. Already British readiness and originality seem to have passed to the Anglo-American.

Literature, too, will probably decay in the main; there will not be enough strong passion for the drama—or at any rate for its audience—and poetical themes will mostly be worn out. For scientific history and for journalism and criticism there may be a great future; but the individual writer will be lost in the crowd. Science, too, will all be broken up into a multitude of highly specialised departments; and—if sanitary improvements and Malthusian prudence combine—children, the chief solace of life, will be fewer and the world will be more and more under the dominion of the aged. As the result of all our civilisation it may be that we are nearing the day

> "when the lower races will predominate in the world, the higher races will lose their noblest elements; when we shall ask nothing from the day but to live, nor from the future but that we may not deteriorate. Even so there will still remain to us ourselves. Simply to do our work in life and to abide the issues, if we stand erect before the eternal calm as cheerfully as our fathers faced the eternal unrest, may be nobler training for our souls than the belief in progress."

It is a saddening picture—full, too, of other details with which we have no space to deal, and drawn by one who has as wide a knowledge as any man living of the mass of facts which serve in its composition. But our assent to Mr. Pearson's facts does not include our assent to his inferences. In the first place he assumes a fixity of type in the lower races which it is difficult to accept as permanent. Why should not new standards of comfort and new wants come to these races with the economic improvements which have developed them in Europe? Then—in speaking of South America—he ignores the growing migration thither of the Latin races. The Portuguese in particular are a mixed race as it is, with a large negro element. In the Middle Ages they showed no repugnance to miscegenation. Will the Calabrian or Neapolitan be more particular? and is it wholly impossible that in the great laboratory of South America a mixed and civilisable race may somehow be produced? Moreover, Mr. Pearson shows a curious readiness to assume the fixity of the present system of machine production. Yet such a new motor as electricity, or even such an old one as water (failing coal), would very likely break up great manufacturing towns, and distribute the workers in a multitude of villages. Rapid transit, again, would do for the cities of the Old World what it is doing for the newest cities of the New—it would convert each of them into one huge suburb, healthy enough, and probably picturesque. Why, again, should the power of communion with Nature necessarily decay? Our enjoyment of Nature is not confined to Bank Holidays and excursion trains, A hundred and fifty years ago—save to a few select individuals—really wild scenery was merely repulsive or frightful. Now thousands of people love the mountain and the sea-beach, and can reach them; and modern facilities of travel concentrate the crowd in comparatively few places, leaving many others practically free. Besides, at worst, we shall always have the ocean and the sky.

But let us suppose that the forecast is correct. Then, is it likely that a world so dreary, so petty, so dull, should be without the consolations of religion? Surely mankind would seek an anodyne—as under the later Roman Empire, for instance—in some form of religious mysticism; by preference one which calls a future world into existence to upset the intolerable balance of the present?

At any rate, Mr. Pearson's picture is suggestive. Some of the philosophies most popular amongst us now maintain that the State is no mere artificial person, but a real Personal Deity on earth. His forecast indicates the chief article in the State creed of the future. Now, a deified personal State, and a Laodicean humanity with no aim save its own present welfare, are together curiously suggestive of the "last days" as depicted in the Epistles of Peter and the Apocalypse of John.

PONTIUS PILATE IN FLEET STREET.

WHAT strikes us most about Mr. Buchanan's poem, and the remarkable newspaper discussion to which it has given rise, is the singular parallelism between the whole matter and what is related in certain chapters of the New Testament. Christ, as we know, was brought before Pilate, and false witnesses testified against him. They charged him with saying he was King of the Jews and Son of God, and with boasting that he would throw down the Temple and rebuild it in three days; and they pointed out the absurdity of his pretensions as evidenced by his utter helplessness and misery.

It is a queer age we live in. Christ is being tried over again at the instance of a furibund Scotch poet before a prætorium in Fleet Street, and a Pontius Pilate in the shape of the readers of a penny newspaper! The thing is quite startling in its way as a rehearsal in modern dress of the old scenes from Matthew and John, of which, indeed, Mr. Buchanan's poem is but an elaborate plagiarism. The false witnesses are a little more numerous (they include Nero and Mahomet, Abelard and Eloise!); they labour a little more their point of the non-fulfilment of promises which were never made; but their testimony is precisely the same as it was two thousand years ago, and it is offered as eagerly by Mr. Buchanan's phantom host of clamouring Jews and humankind who now as then blaspheme and wag their heads and cry "Vah!" at the Man of Sorrows on His tree because He does not come down from His place of agony and humiliation.

The discussion in the *Chronicle* is a most interesting side-light upon a certain spiritual and intellectual condition of the time. What does it reveal? Faith, to be sure, is at a discount in these newspaper columns as it is elsewhere: for that we were prepared; but the feebleness of reason, the confusion of thought, the mental as well as spiritual poverty which the controversy brings out, we confess, surprises and impresses us. In an older day controversialists had invariably one of two things, and often both, to excuse their arrogance—either a convinced and fierce belief in what they professed, or a thorough mental equipment: a mind stored with all the then possible knowledge of their subject, and trained in the master-art of reasoning, so that, given any premises, they were at least able to go straight and unwaveringly to the logical conclusion. To-day Christianity is freely assailed by men who not only do not know their own minds, but who have not troubled to inform themselves clearly about that which they assail, and who are so ill-prepared for the task they attempt that they will break down twenty times in endeavouring to follow out the threads of their own deductions. What the theologians used to call invincible ignorance would seem to have been replaced in the intellectual economy of the present day by something more dangerous and even less admirable, an invincible sciolism which renders men blatant and glib and sets them rushing in without decency or reverence upon ground whereon, if they knew more and thought a little better, they would fear to tread. There is Mr. Buchanan, for example, the chief figure of this disputation. He does not know whether to rate Christ as an impostor or as an unjust God, as a victim or as a scourge, as of human essence or as of divine, and he ends the matter by condemning Him (in his poem) to a merciless doom, rounding off the blasphemy of his conclusion with an utterly illogical

and, under the circumstances, a craven prayer. Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Buchanan's first antagonist, is something better off. He, however, imagines that he is defending Christianity when he speaks of Christ as an "elder brother" of genius on a sort of rank with Shakespeare and Confucius; whereas he is only the victim of a flabby eclecticism, no more original in its way than that of Elagabalus, who set up for worship in the one temple the statues of Apollonius and Christ, Abraham and Orpheus. Mr. Morrison Davidson, again, evidently a person with an *idée fixe*, holds that Christ was a Socialist, and that all was going well with the Christian religion until Constantine committed it to the principle of personal property. A correspondent, signing himself "M.," finds the injustice of monopolists and sweaters a sufficient reason for adopting the views of Mr. Buchanan (whatever these may be), and very many of the controversialists are in like case. What renders all this peculiarly interesting is the fact that most of these persons are in the position of wielding a considerable influence upon public thought and sentiment. They are poets, journalists, social and political reformers; and in this newspaper age, and in the abeyance of the functions of the religious teacher, these are in a large degree our preachers and our prophets. Of such are like to be the guides, if not the gods, of the new Israel.

There is a burden, nevertheless, to Mr. Buchanan's complaint which does not depend exactly upon reason, and which is consistent enough. It is the burden of the complaint of many in this age, when the natural man in most of us is inclined to rebel against restraints the ethical value of which we have ceased to appreciate, and to grow impatient of evils whose injustice the very operation of these restraints in refining the human spirit has taught us to feel more keenly. Restraint is irksome, and Christianity means restraint, whence easily follows at certain moments the fallacious thought that Christianity has made the world sad. This is, at bottom, the heart-cry of Mr. Buchanan.

> "This Jew hath made the earth that once was glad
> A lazar-house of woeful men and mad."

And again:—

> "Where this rumour spread,
> All other gentle gods that gladden'd Man
> Faded and fled away; the priests of Pan,
> That singing by Arcadian rivers rear'd
> Their flowery altars, wept and disappeared,
> And men forgot the fields and the sweet light. . . .
> All splendours of the sense, all happy things—
> Forgot that radiant house of flesh divine."

Mr. Buchanan, in fact, implies, not that Christianity is played out, but that it was a failure and an infliction *ab initio*, and that, indeed, it has left the world worse than it found it. He would bring back the "Saturnian reign;" that is to say, instead of being a progressive thinker, he is a retrograde one, a flat reactionary like so many of his kind who disbelieve in human progress and wish to father upon Christianity what is in reality the fault of their own hedonistic pessimism. Here, however, we are on solid ground where history is the judge. Christianity might take its stand on this position alone—the world as it found it compared with the world as it has shaped it. Does Mr. Buchanan really regret the time when Christianity first proclaimed its message? True, the Roman Empire was then at the zenith of its power; the "splendours of the sense" to which Mr. Buchanan alludes were never so superb, material prosperity never so lavishly diffused, nor were the triumphs of the mere human intellect ever so imposing. But at that moment the human race had certainly reached the nadir of its degradation. Beneath the splendid surface there was the most hideous rottenness, the most abominable crime the world has ever known. The proud Roman people itself had parted with its authority to monsters whom it elevated to the rank of gods in return for being glutted with food and the massacres and orgies of the circus.

> Qui dabat olim
> Imperium, fasces, legiones, omnia, nunc se
> Continet, atque duas tantum res anxius optat,
> Panem et circenses.

Not one principle of regeneration existed over the whole dark spectacle, not one fertile idea, not one seed of hope. It was in such a state of society that Christianity arose to pour into the souls of men the healing elixir of the Sermon on the Mount. From that hour to this every vivifying impulse which has preserved society, advanced civilisation, and elevated the dignity of man, owes its origin to Christianity. Woman and the slave it emancipated from the condition in which both are to be seen under Oriental religions to-day, a condition (so far as the slave is concerned) acquiesced in by even Plato and Aristotle. Culture it preserved amid the devastations of later barbarisms. It softened manners and enlarged the sensibilities of the heart. Indeed, the very sentiments which do Mr. Buchanan and those like him so much honour, those poignant feelings for human suffering which impel them to attack Christianity in the name of the poor and the oppressed, they owe to Christianity itself.

THE MODERN PRESS.

IV.—"The Review of Reviews."

IT is not, of course, of the *Review of Reviews* itself that we have to speak here; for that flourishing publication can scarcely be said, as yet, to have a history. It is of its editor that we wish to write; and about him, at least, there is no lack of historical incident. Mr. Stead is a gentleman regarding whom most men find it impossible to entertain a neutral or even a judicial mind. There are those amongst us who, if they do not worship him, at least regard him with feelings of unqualified and enthusiastic admiration; and there are others to whom he is as the personification of evil itself. The one class believes him to be hero, apostle, prophet, and martyr, the man to whom the world may be indebted for its deliverance from the intolerable load of sin and misery it has to bear upon its weary shoulders. To the other class he is an impostor, a charlatan, a hypocrite, and an adventurer. The truth, of course, is not to be found with either party, but it is needless to say that the man who can inspire such feelings, so strong and so directly contradictory, must be the possessor of a marked and remarkable individuality. To begin with, Mr. Stead is unquestionably a very brilliant journalist, a man of strong convictions, of real devotion to what he believes to be his duty, and of absolute sincerity. His characteristic faults are those of his temperament and of his imperfectly developed intellect, which, keen and strong though it may be, is, in some respects, curiously narrow and stunted. To do a great work in the world, and a work wholly for good; to leave his fellow-creatures distinctly the better for his life and labours; and, whilst he lives, never, if he can help it, to leave a wrong unredressed—these are the great objects of Mr. Stead's ambition. Their nobility no one can doubt, nor will anyone who knows him fail to respect his character and personal earnestness.

Looking back at his career as a journalist—a career extending over twenty years—it is easy to see how his generous and lofty enthusiasm has been led astray by the two really serious defects of his nature: a certain flightiness of mind and an overweening self-confidence. Possessed of abilities far transcending those of most of the public men of our time, and endowed with an inexhaustible energy which, in its way, competes with that of Mr. Gladstone himself, he ought to have established for himself an influence as stable and permanent as it was widely spread. No man ever had a fairer field before him than that on which Mr. Stead entered

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when he came up from Darlington more than a dozen years ago, to enter the office of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He had already made many influential friends. Mr. Bright had been almost the first to speak with favour of the little halfpenny newspaper which he edited in the northern town; and Mr. Stead, with his keen eye to business, had made the most of Mr. Bright's eulogium. Carlyle had been interviewed by the young journalist, had shown an interest in him, and had once referred to him as "that good man Stead," a fact the world was not allowed soon to forget. Mr. Forster, too, had formed Mr. Stead's acquaintance, and, whilst not blind to his deficiencies, was keenly alive to his sterling merits. One day, Forster and the writer of these lines happened to be talking together of Mr. Stead's character. The author of the Education Act had already turned away at the close of the conversation, when he suddenly turned back and said in his emphatic manner, "I will tell you what is wrong with Stead. He doesn't mix enough with other people." But the friendship which had the chief influence on Mr. Stead in his Darlington days was that of Mme. Novikoff. This remarkable lady had found in Mr. Stead a man after her own heart. He was young, clever, and enthusiastic, and he was profoundly impressed by the belief not only that English jealousy of Russia was a mistake, but that it was to the "divine figure from the north" that Englishmen as well as Bulgarians ought to look for guidance and inspiration.

Always aggressive, Mr. Stead, on the retirement of Mr. Morley from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, speedily made his mark by the dogmatic emphasis and certainty with which he propounded views that were new and bewildering to the majority of his readers. They concerned not merely politics but morals, and they were preached with an earnestness that ought to have left no doubt in the minds of anybody as to the preacher's sincerity. But the effect was marred, not only by the almost insolently aggressive manner in which these doctrines were taught, but by the freedom with which their author resorted to the methods of the sensational journalist. He had a mission to discharge, the dignity and gravity of which he evidently felt; but he had, at the same time, to run a newspaper, and his first purpose was to catch the public ear. So dignity and gravity were laid aside, and every trick or artifice that could attract the attention of the world was freely employed. For a time his success was remarkable. Even those who did not agree with what he said were impressed by the air of conviction with which he said it. He thundered forth his new commandments as though he stood on the top of Sinai or the steps of St. Peter's; and, naturally, the world, which is always apt to take a man at his own valuation, was moved and impressed by his resounding voice. Great statesmen, though they might hate Mr. Stead personally, accepted his newspaper as though it were the organ of Fate itself; and, for a time, his importance in the world of politics was almost unique. It is told of him, about this period in his career, that happening one day to be conversing with Mr. Gladstone on a question which at the moment perplexed the Ministry, he modestly remarked, "Look here, Mr. Gladstone! If you and I were to put our heads together, we could settle this business in half an hour, without troubling any of those fellows"—meaning thereby, Mr. Gladstone's colleagues in the Cabinet. No doubt, the impression which he made upon the public mind was heightened by the skill with which he accredited himself and his newspaper with the fullest share in any achievement in which he had a part. Here the New Journalist came into play, and in these days the first duty of the New Journalist is to allow no one to suppose that his trumpeter is dead.

In the main, Mr. Stead's influence on public affairs was wholesome. He made great mistakes, for in the case of a man of his temperament mistakes were inevitable; but he was always inspired by good motives, and if at times personal feeling, and especially personal resentment, guided his pen, he was still, so far as poor humanity can be, true to his own convictions and ideals. But, like one of the objects of his political animosity, he never forgot and he never forgave, and many a public man has had occasion to regret the moment when he snubbed the too impulsive editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Of his many remarkable achievements whilst he filled that post we need only refer to two. The first was the agitation which led up to the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Act. Nothing could have been more unfortunate, nothing more reckless or reprehensible, than the methods by which he started that agitation; but in itself the object at which he aimed was entirely good, and we have to thank him for a great improvement in the law of the land. Nor, in connection with this subject, ought we to forget that when, in his reckless pursuit of his mission, he himself incurred the penalties of the law, he took his punishment like a man, and uttered no word of whining complaint of the fate that had overtaken him. Indeed, he seemed to enjoy his martyrdom. His other editorial achievement in Northumberland Street was his successful action on behalf of Mrs. Langworthy, a woman who was helpless and hopeless when she came to him, but who, through his vigorous and persistent exertions, received in the end the full measure of her rights. Of his blunders, there is little need to speak. The world, as a rule, has a long memory for these things, and we may, therefore, save ourselves the trouble of refreshing it. What is certain, is, that by his fearless action on behalf of the victims of wrongdoing, whether those victims were individuals or classes, by a certain chivalry of character, and perhaps, chiefly, by his devotion to that Puritan faith which was so long the ruling factor in our national life, Mr. Stead succeeded in gathering round him a body of ardent sympathisers and admirers. His unconventionalism, his intentional neglect of the minor customs of polite society, have combined with his great abilities and boundless self-confidence to give him that strong individuality of character by which alone the imagination of the masses can be touched. If, in addition to ability, he possessed stability, if his remarkable strength of will were combined with a wide knowledge of the world, and of human life and character, and if he could at times remember that the publicity which in the eyes of the New Journalist is a panacea for every ill private and public may be an odious and a dangerous thing, he might become a very great man. But what in the way of greatness can be hoped for from one who in turn has derived his inspiration from such varying personages as Mme. Novikoff, General Booth, Cardinal Manning, and the unknown spook who, according to his own declaration, is now the wielder of his pen? Nevertheless, whatever may be the measure of his greatness, he is, unquestionably, one of the most interesting figures in contemporary society.

THE RIVAL LEAGUES.

THERE is a crisis in the history of woman, and the mere man who takes a deferential interest in the triumphs of the superior sex observes with some concern the varying moods in which leaders of feminine thought are facing this emergency. Mrs. Stannard has raised the banner of the No Crinoline League, and has marshalled thousands in that stirring cause. Lady Harberton has criticised this agitation with a lack of enthusiasm which Mrs. Stannard ascribes to jealousy, not, of course, in so many words, but with that delicacy of innuendo which makes the mere man feel his inferiority. Lady Harberton, it is true, has a League of her own, which lives for the great principle that brevity as to skirts is the soul of good sense; but it is not quite

clear why the Short Skirt League should look askance at the No Crinoline League, for at first blush there seems no antipathy in the fitness of things between the rational length of a woman's dress and its reasonable girth. This argument, however, reckons without the difference between two feminine temperaments. Mrs. Stannard's ambition is cast in the heroic mould. Hers is the spirit of solemn leagues and covenants. She informs the world in the columns of the *Times* that she is a mother; she carries a petition to the foot of the Throne. She has a touch of the matron who brought up the Gracchi. Boadicea glances sternly out of some of her letters, and there is a dash of Joan of Arc in her impulsive moments. Perhaps she hears mysterious voices on Wimbledon Common which cry, "No Crinoline!" She would like to gather her Leaguers on Primrose Hill, and make them swear that they would rather die than wear the abomination. Lady Harberton is studiously careful to offer a striking contrast to all this ecstatic emotion. She describes her League as the most unpretending combination. Its members are not expected to die for the cause, only to pledge themselves to a walking-dress five inches from the ground. This, as Lady Harberton explains with the deepest humility, is no self-denying ordinance which binds a woman by a cloistral vow. It is common enough, indeed, to see ladies who have no thought of joining leagues, walking in dresses which comply with Lady Harberton's modest requisition. But a skirt which is to escape the mud and never soil the boots must be eleven or thirteen inches from the ground; and it is to this point that Lady Harberton hopes to educate her League in time. Meanwhile she is meekly content with five inches. This is certainly not Boadicea, nor do we recognise the Roman hand that disciplined the Gracchi. Lady Harberton would not dream of publicly begging the Princess of Wales to wear a short skirt, nor of issuing a call to arms on thousands of postcards.

Now the mere man has great sympathy with both these methods of persuasion. His soul would be stirred to its depths by a meeting of the No Crinoline League on Primrose Hill; his conservative instinct for moderate measures is captivated by the gradual progression from five inches to thirteen. But he has a painful suspicion that there is an arbitrary fate which overrules the ardour of Mrs. Stannard and the admirable caution of Lady Harberton. Fashion is a deity insensible to both. There is a great outcry now against the crinoline. A generation which has never seen it cannot conceive the possibility that woman will imprison herself in an armoured skirt. But there was the same incredulity more than thirty years ago, when the detested hoops were beginning to turn woman into a fortification. The hideous fashion was exposed to scathing ridicule, and all the batteries of the humourists bombarded it in vain. Women who had laughed at it wore the crinoline without a murmur, and even used with perfect gravity the queer mechanism for shortening the skirt in the street by raising the crinoline in folds, just as you pull up a venetian blind. Does Mrs. Stannard imagine that the mightiest oath on Primrose Hill would prevent women from adopting the crinoline once more if Fashion should dictate it? There seems no reason to suppose that the present skirt which has touched the happy mean of graceful fulness will develop into the preposterous apparatus which is embalmed in Leech's drawings. But should the calamity befall us, it will come with a fiat which reason, satire, and the sense of beauty will be powerless to resist. Already we hear women confessing that they will don the crinoline should the whirligig of time bring it in again. They may aspire to the suffrage, and even to seats in Parliament—where, by the way, the crinoline would make a question of more vital concern than Mr. Chamberlain's desire to sit within the range of private conversation on the Treasury Bench; but while they were moulding the destinies of the nation with the inflexible judgment which the feminine character leads us to expect, they would revel in perpetual revolutions of hats and gowns; toilettes would pass from cycle to cycle without a struggle, and the crinoline would close in upon the emancipated sex like the Iron Maiden on the victims of tyranny and superstition.

The mere man is, of course, aware that for all the caprices of Fashion he is held primarily responsible. It is to please him, forsooth, that his womankind may suddenly grapple him to their souls with hoops of steel, in a manner not contemplated by Polonius. On the contrary, his experience is that when he remonstrates with his nearest and dearest about some eccentricities of garb which strike him as unsuitable to their style of beauty, he is curtly informed that the bonnet or dress or what not is "worn so." The point is not determined by the exercise of any collective intelligence on the part of women. They simply accept the decree of the high priest of Parisian mysteries, or model their hair, or their waists, or their sleeves, with blank uniformity on the shape or gown or coiffure of a princess or a pretty actress. If an illustrious lady should determine to-morrow to wear the crinoline, Mrs. Stannard's League would break up with the cry, "To your dressmakers, O Israel!" Lady Harberton says justly enough that skirts which trail in the mud are not pretty; but when will any arbiter of fashion be possessed by such a zest for walking the streets of London in wet weather as to order a dress which is thirteen inches from the ground? Leaders of fashion are not the women who walk, but the women who drive. Nevertheless, the mere man lives on the illusion that he will one day see his *carissima* in a becoming pair of high gaiters, and tries not to heed her sarcastic inquiries whether he expects her to look like a peasant girl in the Italian opera, and whether he is prepared for visions of all sorts and conditions of ankles.

LIFE IN INVERTED COMMAS.

As I waited for an omnibus at the corner of Fleet Street the other day I was the spectator of a curious occurrence. Presently there was a scuffle hard by me, and, turning round, I saw a powerful gentlemanly man wrestling with two men in livery, who were evidently intent on arresting him. These men I at once perceived belonged to the detective force of the Society of Authors, and were engaged in the capture of a notorious plagiarist. I knew the prisoner well. He had, in fact, pillaged from my own writings, but I was none the less sorry for his plight, to which, I would assure the reader, I was no party. Yet he was, I must admit, an egregiously bad case, and my pity is doubtless misplaced sentiment. Like many another, he had begun his career as a quotation and ended as a plagiarism, daring even, in one instance, to imitate that shadow in the fairy-tale which rose up on a sudden one day and declared himself to be the substance and the substance his shadow. Indeed, he had so far succeeded as to make many people question whether or not he was the original and the other man the plagiarism. However, there was no longer to be any doubt of it, for his captors had him fast this time; and presently we saw him taken off in a hansom, well secured betwixt strong inverted commas.

This curious circumstance set me reflecting, and as we trundled along towards Charing Cross my mind gave birth to sundry sententious reflections.

After all, I thought, that unlucky plagiarist is no worse than most of us: for is it not true that few of us live as conscientiously as we should within our inverted commas? We are far more inclined to live in that author, not ourselves, who makes for originality. It is, of course, difficult, even with the best intentions, to make proper acknowledgments of

all our "authorities"—to attach, so to say, the true "*del. et sculp.*" to all our little bits of art. There is so much in our lives that we honestly don't know how we came by.

As I reflected in this wise, I was drawn to notice my companions in the omnibus, and lo! there was not an original person amongst us. Yet I looked in vain to see if they wore their inverted commas. Not one of them, believe me, had had the honesty to bring them. Each looked at me unblushingly, as though he were really original, and not a cheap German print of originals I had seen in books and pictures since I could read. I really think that they must have been unaware of their imposture. They could hardly have pretended so successfully.

There was the young dandy just let loose from his band-box, wearing exactly the same face, the same smile, the same neck-tie, holding his stick in exactly the same fashion, talking exactly the same words, with precisely the same accent, as his neighbour, another dandy, and as all the other dandies between the Bank and Hyde Park Corner. Yet he seemed persuaded of his own originality. He evidently felt that there was something individual about him, and apparently relied with confidence on his friend not addressing a third dandy for him by mistake. I hope he had his name safe in his hat.

Looking at these three examples of Nature's love of repeating herself, I said to myself: Somewhere in heaven stands a great stencil, and at each sweep of the cosmic brush a million dandies are born, each one alike as a box of collars. Indeed, I felt that this stencil process had been employed in the manufacture of every single person in that omnibus: two middle-aged matrons, each of whom seemed to think that having given birth to six children was an indisputable claim to originality; two elderly business men to correspond; a young miss carrying music and wearing eye-glasses; and a clergyman discussing stocks with one of the business men; I alone in my corner being, of course, the one occupant for whom Nature had been at the expense of casting a special mould, and at the extravagance of breaking it.

Presently, a matron and a business man, at say, seven-and-six the pair, alighted, and two dainty young women, evidently of artistic tendencies, joined the Hammersmith pilgrims. One saw at once that they were very sure of their originality. There were no inverted commas round their pretty young heads, bless them! But then Queen Anne houses are as much on a pattern as more commonplace structures, and Bedford Parkians are already being manufactured by celestial stencil. What I specially noticed about them was their plagiarised voices—curious, yearning things, evidently intended to suggest depths of infinite passion, controlled by many a wild and weary past—

> "Infinite passion and the pain
> Of finite souls that yearn"—

the kind of voice, you know, in which Socialist actresses yearn out passages from "the Cenci," feeling that they do a fearful thing. The voice began, I believe, with Miss Ellen Terry. With her, though, it is charming, for it is, we feel, the voice of real passion. There are real tears in it. It is her own. But with these ladies who were discussing the last "Independent" play, it was so evidently a stop pulled out by affectation, the *vox inhumana*, one might say, for it is a voice unlike anything else to be found in the four elements. It has its counterpart in the imitators of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, young actors who likewise endeavour to make up for the lack of anything like dramatic passion by pretending to control it—the control being feigned by a set jaw or a hard, throaty, uncadenced voice of preternatural solemnity. These ladies, too, wore plagiarised gowns of the most "original" style, plagiarised hats, glittering plagiarised smiles, and yet they so evidently looked down on everyone else in the omnibus, whom, perhaps, after all, it had been kinder of me to describe as the hackneyed quotations of humanity—who had probably thought it unnecessary to wear their inverted commas, as they were so well known.

At last I grew impatient of them, and leaving the omnibus, finished my journey home by the Metropolitan. What was my surprise when I reached it to find our little house wearing inverted commas, two on the chimney, and two on the gate! my wife, too! and the words of endearing salutation with which I greeted her, why they also to my diseased fancy seemed to leave my lips between quotation marks. There is nothing in which we fancy ourselves so original as in our terms of endearment, nothing in which we are so like all the world: for, alas, there is no euphuism of affection which lovers have not prattled together in springtides long before the Christian era. If you call your wife "a chuck," so did Othello; and, whatever dainty diminutive one may hit on, Catullus, with his warbling Latin, "makes mouths at our speech."

I grew so haunted with this oppressive thought that my wife could not but notice my trouble. But how could I tell her of the spectral inverted commas that dodged every move of her dear head?—tell her that our own original firstborn, just beginning to talk as never baby talked, was an unblushing plagiarism of her great-great-great grandfather, that our love was nothing but the expansion of a line of Keats, and that our whole life was one hideous mockery of originality? "Woman," I felt inclined to shriek, "be yourself, and not your great grandmother. A man may not marry his great grandmother. For God's sake let us all be ourselves, and not ghastly mimicries of our ancestors, or our neighbours. Let us shake ourselves free from this evil dream of imitation. Merciful Heaven, it is killing me!" But surely that was a quotation too, and, accidentally catching sight of the back of my hand, suddenly the tears sprang to my eyes, for it was just so the big soft veins used to be on the hands of my father, when a little boy I prayed between his knees. He was gone, but here was his hand—*his* hand, not mine!

Then an idea possessed me. There was but one way. I could die. There was a little phial of laudanum in the medicine-cupboard that always leered at me from among the other bottles like a serpent's eye. Thrice happy thought! Who would miss such a mere imitation? Even the mere soap-vending tradesman bid us "beware of imitations." Dark wine of forgetfulness . . . No, that was a quotation. However, here was the phial. I drew the cork, drew in for a moment the hard, dry odour of poppies, and prepared to drink. But just at that moment I seemed to hear a horrid little laugh coming out of the bottle, and a voice chuckled at my ear: "You ass, do you call that original?" It was so absurd that I burst out into hysterical laughter. Here had I been about to do the most banal thing of all. Was there anything in the world quite so commonplace as suicide?

And with the good spirits of laughter came peace. Nay, why worry to be "original"? Why such haste to be unlike the rest of the world, when the best things of life were manifestly those which all men had in common. Was love less sweet because my next-door neighbour knew it as well? Would the same reason make death less bitter? And were not those tender diminutives all the more precious, because their vowels had been rounded for us by the sweet lips of lovers dead and gone?—sainted jewels, still warm from the beat of tragic bosoms, flowers which their kisses had freighted with immortal meanings.

And then I bethought me how the meadow-daisies were one as the other, and how, when the pearly shells of the wild rose settled on the hedge like a flight of butterflies, one was as the other; how the birds sang alike, how star was twin with star, and in peas is no distinction. My rhetoric stopped as I was about to say "as wife is to wife"—for I thought I would first kiss her and see; and lo! I was once more per-

plexed, for as I looked down into her eyes, simple and blue and deep, as the sky is simple and blue and deep, I declared her to be the only woman in the world, which was obviously not exact. But it was true, for all that.

THE DRAMA.

"The Sportsman"—Another Triple Bill.

"INTERROGE-TOI quand tu ris," wrote Henri Beyle to his sister. This was a counsel of perfection. To analyse your laughter, to ask yourself what it is you have been laughing at, is a mighty difficult exercise; it brings you back ultimately to that old crux, the true inwardness of wit and humour. I have laughed heartily over the new farce at the Comedy called *The Sportsman*, which is an adaptation by Mr. W. Lestocq of M. George Feydeau's *Monsieur Chasse*. But if some grave and matter-of-fact man, unacquainted with our stage and our manners, some noble savage regarding laughter as childish and undignified—say Voltaire's Huron—were to ask me to explain what, precisely, I have been laughing at, I think I should have no little trouble to justify myself in his sight. "What," I can fancy him saying, "here is a husband who, for two hours by the clock, does nothing but tell glib lies to a confiding wife—and you laugh at that? An innocent old gentleman is beaten by a lady with his own cane—and you laugh at that? Another elderly man of unimpeachable respectability is arrested in mistake by the police—and you laugh at that?" I confess I quail, in imagination, before that Huron.

Nevertheless, laughter remains a fact, like another, and it ought, I suppose, to be reducible to its primary elements. Let me look then a little more closely into *The Sportsman* and ask myself, with Henri Beyle, what I have been laughing at. Here is Act I. Mr. Briscoe is taking leave of Mrs. Briscoe. He has to catch the evening train for the country, whither he is bound on a trip to the sporting quarters of his old friend, Mr. Perkins, and he is nervously anxious for the arrival of his gun-case from the cleaner's, and his new shooting-suit from the tailor's. Meanwhile, a friend of the family, one Dr. Holroyd, arrives and drops hints which awaken the wife's suspicions about Briscoe's visit to the country. The gun is unused, he points out, and men do not generally shoot at night. "But my husband always brings me home hares and rabbits," answers Mrs. Briscoe—"which are never found together," interjects the Doctor. Hardly has Briscoe left the house when suspicion becomes certainty. A visitor is announced—the very Mr. Perkins whom Briscoe is supposed to be visiting in the country. He states that he has never fired a gun in his life, and, what is more, that he has not seen Briscoe for a dozen years past. Thereupon, Mrs. Briscoe, in an access of nerves, sits upon his hat and belabours him with his own walking-stick. We of the audience know where Briscoe is. He is an inveterate gambler, and, when supposed to be visiting Mr. Perkins in the country, he is in reality playing cards at the "Bachelors' Club, King's Road, Chelsea." It happens that Dr. Holroyd has taken lodgings over the club, and to his lodgings Mrs. Briscoe (still knowing nothing about the club) betakes herself for advice.

Now what have I laughed at in this act? I have laughed at Mr. Briscoe's shooting-suit, because Mr. Briscoe is played by Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and Mr. Hawtrey looks odd in a shooting-suit of rather exaggerated style. I have laughed at the entrance of Dr. Holroyd, because the Doctor is an old admirer of Mrs. Briscoe's; the husband is a little jealous of him; says, on his name being announced, "I shouldn't wonder if he kissed you"—and, sure enough, the Doctor does kiss her. I have laughed at Mrs. Briscoe's sly glance at her husband when the kiss takes place, because Mrs. Briscoe is played by Miss Lottie Venne, and Miss Lottie Venne's sly glances are irresistibly comic. I have laughed at Dr. Holroyd's reference to the strange practice of shooting at night, and of shooting hares and rabbits together. I have laughed at Mrs. Briscoe's illogical attempts to meet the Doctor's insinuations and at her unreasoning anger with Mr. Perkins for innocently revealing the truth. I have laughed at Mr. Perkins himself, at his queer "make-up," at the crushing of his hat, at the unprovoked thrashing. I have laughed at the idea of the "Bachelors' Club," with its palatial Hyde-Park-Corner associations, being transported to "King's Road, Chelsea." I have laughed at the prospect of the Doctor's dismay when he finds the "quiet rooms" he hopes to have taken are situated over a gambling club. There! I have conscientiously catalogued all the causes of my laughter in the first act—and very inadequate most of them seem, don't they? The Huron would think me a poor creature, I fear.

But let me probe a little further. My laughter, I think, has not been all of the same quality. Some of it has been due to the recognition of the fidelity with which art has imitated life, in little touches of "character," feminine whims, foibles and self-deceptions of our common human nature. This is the best laughter, because, to some slight extent, it involves an intellectual process. It is the laughter we give to comedy as distinguished from farce. Let me call it Laughter A. Then, again, I have laughed at the incongruity between the person and the predicament, at the spectacle of a dignified man—or one whose age should bring dignity—thrust into undignified situations. This is the laughter more properly due to farce. It is the laughter excited by the capital scenes of the Pinerotic farces, for instance: the dean turned betting-man in *Dandy Dick*, the metropolitan stipendiary caught by the police at a restaurant in unlicensed hours in *The Magistrate*. Let me call this laughter B. Finally, I have laughed at sheer horse-play and bodily mishaps. This is the laughter due to pantomime—the oldest, as it is, no doubt, the most rudimentary, form of all laughter—the laughter of the schoolboy and the primeval savage. It is this laughter we give to much of Molière, to the catastrophe of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, and to the adventure of the sack and the thwackings in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. I will call this sort of laughter C. I have named them in order of merit, and according as A, B, or C predominated, I should rank a play as high, middling, or low, in the hierarchy of the comic drama.

But it is time to return to *The Sportsman*. Act II. passes in the doctor's rooms on the floor above the gambling club. Here an amusing sketch of character is contributed by Miss Annie Goward, as a compound of Mrs. Lirriper and Mrs. Bardell, with a tendency to expatiate on her past respectability and to fall into the arms of sympathetic elderly gentlemen. (Laughter A.) Mrs. Briscoe and Dr. Holroyd sit down to supper, when they are interrupted by the entrance of Briscoe, to conceal herself from whom Mrs. Briscoe wraps herself from head to foot in a blanket. (Laughter B to C.) She answers her husband's questions by nods and head-shakes, and he starts a warm flirtation with the mysterious veiled lady, little suspecting she is his own wife. (Laughter A.) Then the police make a raid on the Club; Briscoe escapes in Dr. Holroyd's coat, and the doctor is hauled off in his stead, struggling and fighting with his captors. (Laughter C.) The wife feels that she has had the tables turned on her, by being found in the doctor's rooms, and she thinks that her husband may be innocent after all, but jealous, and may have only invented the fiction about the shooting expeditions in order that he may detect her in some amorous intrigue. (Laughter A.)

The third act is the best because it aims throughout at Laughter A. It is an act of continuous lying. The husband, returning next morning dishevelled and battered, in another man's clothes (here, however, there is a momentary appeal to Laughter B and C),

starts upon a brilliant series of improvised "explanations" for everything, cool, glib, plausible, but the more brilliantly he improvises the more hopelessly he commits himself in the eyes of his wife, who, of course, knows the real truth of the matter. In this splendid mendacity Mr. Hawtrey is quite unrivalled on the contemporary stage. The mere play of his face, as you see the first conception of a lie springing up in his eyes, then hovering round his lips, to come forth in due time a rounded product, a finished work of art, is in itself a delectable study. And the bigger the lie, the more unblushing his assurance. At the very culminating moment of his falsehoods he declares:—"It's high time *somebody* spoke the truth, and, if nobody else can, *I* will." It is all very well of our Huron to say that lies ought not to be laughed at; but when a man lies, like Mr. Hawtrey, with enjoyment, with virtuosity, with graceful ease and mastery, we cannot choose but award him our laughter—our best, or A, quality of laughter.

The piece, as a whole, addresses itself perhaps too frequently to the third, or C, quality; but it is fair to remember that the adapter of *Monsieur Chasse* had a very difficult task to perform. The horse-play of Mr. Lestocq's piece is not good, but it is better than the goat-rut of M. Feydeau's.

The Court Theatre has reopened with a "triple bill" once more—*Over the Way*, a forgotten piece of T. W. Robertson's, said to be a version of Murger's *Bonhomme Jadis* (which I remember seeing played a few years ago by Mlle. Reichenberg and M. Baron at the Royalty—the English adaptation I have not seen); *The Burglar and the Judge*, with Mr. Weedon Grossmith in Mr. Cyril Maude's part of Sir Geoffrey Gyves; and—of course—the sempiternal *Pantomime Rehearsal*. The last is entirely a case for laughter A; and I think even our Huron would permit himself to unbend over these humours of the other, or Matthew Arnold's, "barbarians." A. B. W.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

LICENSING REFORM.

SIR,—I read with interest the various letters on this subject which appeared in your columns a short time ago, always expecting that some abler pen than mine would say a word upon a mode of settling this vexed question that would have some prospect of finality in it, which none of the methods proposed by yourself and the various writers in your columns would accomplish—namely, "Free Trade in Liquor"; free, that is, as all other businesses are free, retaining the right of inspection as at present, the licence-fee for fiscal purposes, and fines for misconduct, with non-permission to engage in the business for repeated offences for various periods.

As no one has done this, I ask space to attempt to supply the omission. From your articles upon the subject I gather you are of opinion that a rational solution would be one which—(1) should rest upon a basis of justice; (2) it should provide that the number of licensed houses existing at any moment should be sufficient, and no more, to supply the wants of the public; (3) that its constant tendency should be to provide the best class of men possible to conduct it, and to supply the very best article to those who want it; (4) that it should obviate all necessity for compensation to existing businesses disappearing through its operation, and do this automatically and without injustice.

I claim for "Free Trade in Liquor" that it is the only method which can attain these ends, with the additional advantage that it requires no cumbrous administrative machinery to work it, as is the case at present, and would be with all other plans hitherto proposed.

You do not dispute that the making of wine, the manufacture of beer, spirits, etc., are legitimate industries, and therefore legitimate articles of commerce, wholesale and retail. It therefore follows that to say citizen A may engage in the retail sale of them, but that citizens B, C, D, shall not, is unjust, and a gross infringement of the right of each citizen to engage in any legitimate business he chooses. To say that this is done in the interests of morality, as is alleged, is an impotent answer, for whatever is contrary to justice is always adverse to morality in the long run. Freedom to each citizen to engage in any branch of trade he fancies, when his inclination and capital permit, is the right of every citizen in a free country, and is the only sure way to build up a healthy society. The denial of this right in the liquor trade in the past is responsible for most of the evils complained of in its present conduct. To treat it on any lines but those of freedom is a survival of the spirit which in the past enacted the Sumptuary Laws, of which the present liquor laws are perhaps the sole surviving relic. The fear that under "Free Trade" houses would be more numerous, and the non-recognition of the fact that this trade is subject to the laws of supply and demand, like all others, is responsible for the question not having been settled on the lines of freedom long ago. Free Trade would really reduce the number engaged in the retail business, for it would at once reduce the rate of profit to a natural rate—the rate obtaining in all other trades; and when a house ceased to pay, it would at once shut up.

We seem likely to be about to legislate in a panic, brought on by persistent and long-continued exaggeration by a single section as to the moral condition of the people. Bad as that condition may be, it is immensely better in proportion to population than it has ever been, and year by year is slowly but healthily improving. Freedom, and not legal machinery, vainly passed to squeeze all men into the model of a few men, is the only way to insure a noble, self-respecting nation.—Yours obediently, JAMES SMITH.

National Liberal Club.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

CHEERFULNESS IN LITERATURE.

RUN your eye down a list of great English writers and you may note that almost all the outstanding names are of men who considered life cheerfully. Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dryden, Johnson, Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Browning, Lowell, Whitman—all these believed, and went a long way towards proving, that if this planet be not perhaps the best of all possible worlds, it is at least uncommonly well worth living in. One or two of them may harrow up our souls, at times, and freeze our young blood: but not one of them depresses. *Macbeth* is terrifying enough and *Lear* pitiful. But the pity and terror of them really do purge our emotions; and we shall be pretty safe in affirming that no man has been led by *Lear* or *Macbeth* to eye this world or his own fate despondingly. Dickens will set his trap and catch the emotions of the most hardened; and there are critics who say he abuses pathos: yet his work leaves a general impression of hearty and exuberant optimism. Let us look down the list again and consider the lives of some of these men; and we shall see why they wrote cheerfully.

It was in their blood. Johnson's letter describing his paralytic stroke; Fielding's story of that last voyage to Lisbon; Scott's "Gurnal," during the dark days of his commercial ruin; Whitman's notes from Camden, New Jersey, where he lay in want and disablement for fifteen years or so, are finer tonics for a man in trouble than whole heaps of devotional literature. They suggest just that "cheery stoicism" that Carlyle found in the British aristocracy: they breathe the high spirit of Mr. Henley's lines—

> "Out of the night that covers me,
> Black as the pit from pole to pole,
> I thank whatever gods may be
> For my unconquerable soul.
>
> "In the fell clutch of circumstance
> I have not winced nor cried aloud;
> Under the bludgeonings of chance
> My head is bloody but unbowed.
>
> * * * *
>
> "It matters not how straight the gate,
> How charged with punishments the scroll,
> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul."

—and something more than this: for in their bravery they refuse even to acknowledge the blackness of the night, the "horror of the shade." Not only their courage, but their cheerfulness also, remains invincible.

And because the best English blood is cheerful, the best English writing is cheerful—of course I speak of both sides of the Atlantic: for this common possession is enough of itself to keep "American" and "British" literature one, and indivisible by geographical terms or trivial variations in spelling. If my cousin choose to spell "forever" as a single

word, while I follow the practice of our rude forefathers and make it two, the difference will not, I take it, seriously affect our consanguinity. Many expedients have been tried before now for getting rid of poor relations, but nobody as yet has tried to exorcise them with a Spelling Book. Unless in the interval they can contrive a chemical change in their blood, our cousins across the Atlantic will find, when at last they attain to that "Distinctively American Literature" which seems to be the object of so many prayers, that it possesses just those merits and just those defects which were the merits and defects of Shakespeare, Dryden, and Fielding. And one of those merits will be a pervading cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness of a particular kind, too. Just as *Lear* and *Macbeth* avail nothing to cloud the essential lightheartedness of Shakespeare, so Greek literature remains essentially lighthearted although so large a proportion of the Greek work that remains to us deals with tragedy, and very gloomy tragedy. No amount of terrifying stories such as those of the Agamemnon or the Œdipus, stories of inherited doom and the insatiable hate of the supreme powers, can efface our impression that the Greek intelligence took pleasure in the world and was gay. Nor will it do to answer that the tragedy fails to depress us merely because we are so far removed from the days and beliefs of a Greek audience. Orestes is to me a far more intelligible creature than Gilliat in *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, and his surroundings are not a whit more strange to my experience; and yet Æschylus' trilogy leaves me satisfied with life while Victor Hugo casts me down and leaves me with a sense of oppression. No; Greek literature is cheerful, but with a cheerfulness of *perception*, a sensuous and childish delight in looking out on the world, in handling and growing familiar with its wonders. English literature is cheerful with an *ethical* cheerfulness, a soberer delight in tracing the real rewards of good and honest living as well as the punishments of vice, and finding the net result good.

Understand that I am neither beating the racial tom-tom nor blowing the racial trumpet. A great deal has to do with our circumstances. In Russia, for instance, an author may be excused for being dismal, since he probably lacks material for cheerfulness. Providence is apt to appear back-handed in a land where liberty is hardly known. As Mr. Howells wisely admonishes his brethren (who are our cousins, be it said again)—

> "It used to be one of the disadvantages of the practice of romance in America, which Hawthorne more or less whimsically lamented, that there were so few shadows and inequalities in our broad level of prosperity; and it is one of the reflections suggested by Dostoïevsky's novel, 'The Crime and the Punishment,' that whoever struck a note so profoundly tragic in American fiction would do a false and mistaken thing. . . . Whatever their deserts, very few American novelists have been led out to be shot, or finally exiled to the rigors of a winter at Duluth; and in a land where journeymen carpenters and plumbers strike for four dollars a day the sum of hunger and cold is comparatively small, and the wrong from class to class has been almost inappreciable, though all this is changing for the worse. Our novelists, therefore, concern themselves with the more smiling aspects of life, which are the more American, and seek the universal in the individual rather than the social interests. *It is worth while, even at the risk of being called commonplace, to be true to our well-to-do actualities.*"

And life in England, too, is fairly pleasant: though a foreigner may be perplexed to say why: and, certain exceptions being granted—Carlyle, for instance, and the Brontë family—as we grant Edgar Allan Poe on the other side, English writing corresponds. After all, the Anglo-Saxons are a prosperous and conquering race, and have less reason than most races to be doleful. The difference of their history, and of their present circumstances, allow an Irish writer to be pathetic where pathos in an Englishman would be mere wantonness.

But it is not only a question of circumstances. The French are prosperous, and have been: they have been a conquering nation, and will conquer again. The Frenchmen whom you meet seem happier beings than the average Englishman, and beyond all question better equipped with tact and deft intelligence to deal with the perplexities in life. And yet their great literature is sad to the core. They mourn convincingly, but they laugh with the laughter of the Fool in *Lear*. Be it Molière or a Palais Royal farce, the play is a light bridge flung over a profound sadness; be the tale written by Voltaire or Zola, Balzac or de Maupassant, it will be a model of narration, but, to quote a phrase from Mr. Henry James, "it leaves our poor average humanity dangling like a beaten rag." I think this as a general proposition will hardly be denied. But why is it?

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

PROFESSOR CAIRD'S ESSAYS.

Essays on Literature and Philosophy. By Edward Caird. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons.

PROFESSOR CAIRD has been well advised in republishing these essays, lectures, and treatises, which are not such difficult reading as some of their titles, such as "Cartesianism" and "Metaphysic," would seem to announce. They show the Hegelian author in a pleasant light, resolved to make himself understood, and cunning in the much-desired art of philosophy without phrases. He is, indeed, so admirably equipped for his task that we can feel only regret when he slips back, as he does a little too often, into some needless formula borrowed from the Great Unknowable. Why should the Professor, who has so much good sense of his own, clothe his thoughts in these ready-made German garments? What, for instance, do we gain (and how much does not the critic himself lose?) when we are told that Rousseau, thanks to the "individualistic prejudices of his time," was "gradually emptying consciousness of all its content?" Is not this thorough philosophic slang too much wanting in freshness to convey a meaning? It is Hegel damnably reiterated rather than digested. And yet Professor Caird has digested him, and survives for the good of mankind. But he should not turn to pigeon-holes and red-tape when we ask him to give us a piece of his mind. We most of us know what Hegel would say on a disputed point, and our faith in him is strictly limited. This is a case in which, as regards literature at all events, the disciple is above his master. Hegel on Dante, Rousseau, and Wordsworth, would have very little to tell the English or modern reader. And when he is allowed to dogmatise in these volumes, we turn the page and wait until Professor Caird begins again. Happily we have not always long to wait.

The book holds in it many fine thoughts gracefully expressed, some doubtful aphorisms, and, on the whole, much tranquil wisdom, likely to cool the fevered brow of pessimists and other such uneasy dreamers. It is well to be put on our guard against the "luxury of passive emotion," although the saying dates from Aristotle's "Ethics." We do learn something on being told that Rousseau "was too much of a prophet to be an artist"—a simple phrase, yet searching deep into the fallacy which led Matthew Arnold to aim at the substitution of literature in the place of dogma. No one has said a better thing about scientific induction, as commonly imagined, than that Bacon's followers "seemed to adopt towards nature the same attitude of passive receptivity which the mediæval Christian was taught to hold towards the Church," and that "While man was to learn everything from himself in religion, he was to learn nothing from himself in science." For we should never lose our hold of the principle that "Science questions nature by means of an idea which it brings with it." The thought which we discover in things is not foreign to our own thought,

and the "absolute" is the "self-revealing Spirit," not dead uniformities of law with no mind at the back of them. Again, the multitude who are vaguely alarmed or tempted by the spectre of universal doubt, will do well to consider that "It is not possible to criticise the idea of knowledge; all we can do is to explain it," and that "The idea of measuring our powers before we employ them rests on a paralogism," or, in other words, is the famous Münchausen attempt to lift oneself by one's own periwig. There is also the matter of many sermons, the like of which are too seldom heard from the pulpit, in Professor Caird's observations on the Christian faith. "In the midst of apparent rejection," he says, "its ideals have maintained and increased their hold over the emancipated intelligence of Europe; and its fundamental conception of life penetrates and moulds the social and religious speculations of those who, like Comte, seem to have most thoroughly renounced it." Comte is a good example; but Goethe, who once prided himself on his "Julian hatred of Christianity," is a better. We shall hardly develop a more emancipated intelligence than that of the "great heathen;" and yet, by his own choice and the lesson of years, he first preached "renouncement" as the only rule of conduct, and then the "religion of sorrow" as its consecration.

These things are true, and will outlive the confusion and the bluster which abound in a good deal of our present literature, especially among the French. But do they not likewise suggest that the swelling tones of optimism, in which the school of Hegel is wont to indulge, should be tempered by the minor key? Professor Caird has written with much sympathetic insight on Wordsworth, whose spirit he shares. When it is a question of the great reforming, and, as we might say, the Dualist prophets, such as Carlyle and Dante, he is not quite so successful. He has become, we cannot but think, an honorary member of that "Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society," for which Teufelsdröckh felt such unbounded scorn. Satan he analyses into a mere "opposite," and his Inferno is nothing but a Purgatorio, from which Lucifer and his angels will be set free on the day of universal and plenary indulgence which Hegel has established in the room of the Day of Judgment. In view, however, of some criminal trials which we have seen lately, and of other ugly phenomena too well known or too hideous to be dwelt upon here, the old mediæval, or, to be perfectly frank, the Christian doctrine that there is a devil, and that he is by no means dead or likely to die, would appear to be a sound working hypothesis. The strength of Dualism has always lain in the facts which it takes into account if it does not explain how they came to be; whereas Monism, with its indiscriminating benevolence which hangs no poisoners and shoots no traitors, has the air of making of its God a good-natured imbecile. Its "reconciliation of opposites" may be studied in Victor Hugo, where Christ embraces Belial and offers him a seat in the third Heaven. But we cannot bring ourselves to imagine that the third Heaven, tenanted by Belial and all his friends, would be very different from the place they left behind them. This is the real crux of Hegelian ethics, nor does Professor Caird attempt its removal. If he were to do so, he would perhaps find the Dantean conception of life and death much less antiquated than he has judged it to be. Many of us are still ready to say, as Kant has said, that "without belief in a future state no religion can be conceived," in spite of the apparent difficulties suggested by the Jewish Old Testament and by certain forms of Paganism. The elements of wrong and evil have surely not been so attenuated in a decadent nineteenth century that we can afford to talk about the Millennium as at our doors. And what though it were? Should we not have to begin by burning up the residue of evil in unquenchable fire? Hegel, we repeat, is too easy, and facts are against him.

Hence the almost Epicurean calm in the presence of our troublesome and storm-tossed modern life, which is characteristic of Professor Caird's treatment. He is tempted to confound aspiration with fruition. The problem of philosophy, as he affirms, is not insoluble, nay, in principle it is already solved; and in like manner conduct, whether ethical or political, is very much a question of reconciling differences that have a deal in common. It may be so, but how are we to set about the reconciliation? And would it not have been enlightening to point out by examples *how* the "whole edifice of dogma and institution" is to be restored by means of a reformation which few of the friends of religion have conceived, and fewer still have had the courage to attempt? We are not ungrateful, indeed, for the scholarly and refined pages that set us thinking once more upon the precise scope and drift of philosophical literature in these days. All we say is that the test will be the handling of particulars; the interpretation will be given by experience, and formal announcements such as Hegel delighted in will carry us but a very short way. The power, rising often to a magic charm, which we acknowledge in Goethe, Wordsworth, Carlyle, and Dante, is always founded on their happy seizing of an experience which they could pass on to their readers—a vision with purged eyesight of landscape, or history, or individual and domestic incident, seen under the light they rayed out from within. It is a familiar observation that Hegel, constructing history and nature *à priori*, has fallen into the strangest and most ludicrous blunders. So deceptive is the promise of a formula! Professor Caird has warned us, with a certain earnestness, against yielding to "futile abstractions." We all need the lesson; but none more, perhaps, than they who would recommend the "dogmatic slumbers" of an ambitious yet decidedly mechanical technique—and such is a great part of Hegelianism—as an improvement on the orthodoxy which did at least own that life was a battle as well as a march, and which, by admitting the evil in things, was girding up its loins to the combat.

TWO NEW MONTAIGNES.

Essays of Montaigne done into English. By John Florio (1615). Edited with Introduction by George Saintsbury. The First Book. London: David Nutt.

Essays of Michel de Montaigne. Translated by Charles Cotton (1685). Edited with Life and Notes by W. Carew Hazlitt. Second edition, revised. Three vols. London: George Bell & Sons.

And first of binding, for here brave garbs beseem. "The contrivers," as they neatly call themselves, of the Florio present it in your warm maroon, or your lush murrey, or your "ventre de puce en fièvre de lait," which is good for eyes to rest on. The volume also, by virtue of a certain baulking lightness in its paper, conveys a little shock of added animal pleasure when picked up. Opening it, the type (Constable's) and printing are perfect; and the paper—is it Dutch?—a luxury in itself.

On the other hand—at the other elbow if you will—Cotton appears much golded; but back and sides go barely in cold white linen, the hueless complexion which of all others is least suited to the fuel and the other clemencies of this island climate. And, in another aspect, old Montaigne is not the one to suggest precisely the Agnus Castus or lawn-sleeves.

Then as to contents, let Florio—for criticism of the essayist himself is placeless here—be ensampled from his own view of Montaigne's passage on style (p. 183); so shall we catch him in and upon the very manner of it.

> It is for words to serve and wait upon the matter, and not for matter to attend upon words, and if the French tongue cannot reach unto it, let the Gaskonie, or any other. I would have the matters to surmount, and so fill the imagination of him that harkneth, that he have no remembrance at all of the words. It is a naturall, simple, and unaffected speech that I love, so written

as it is spoken, and such upon the paper as it is in the mouth; a pithie, sinnowie, full, strong, compendious, and materiall speech; not so delicate and affected as vehement and piercing.

> In fine, that word is wisely fit,
> Which strikes the fence, the marke doth hit.

Rather difficult than tedious, void of affec[ta]tion, free, loose, and bold, that every member of it seeme to make a bodie; not Pedanticall, nor Frier-like, nor Lawyer-like, but rather downe right, Souldier-like.

Cotton had no such *World of Words* to his back as Florio. He is later and colder, like his binding here, and does not, in a florid hurrying prose, bring you along with him, as you read, into a certain warmth of companionship. Both were supine and even erratic translators—Mr. Hazlitt often corrects Cotton; but Florio's "looseness" was that of a coat well made, a thought—a good many thoughts—too large, wherein cloth is abounding in slashings and leavings; whereas Cotton's misfits erred rather on the tight side of skimpiness.

Of course, your true-bred Mountaineer—for Montaigne means naught but *Montagne*, and should be so pronounced, despite the finikin Academical fashion of saying Montègne—the hardy mountaineer goes to the early French; but many a man capable of pleasing himself in either tongue might fairly say that, mood for mood, he would at times as soon read Florio as the original. So that the English reader, the "plain man," to whom Montaigne is somewhat steep, may know himself extra well off herein. But he should buy him a Cotton too, and then he cannot be better off.

And now as to editing. Mr. Saintsbury's introduction to Florio is a valuable and delectable piece of writing and reading, but one could away with a few of the misprints in the Essayes, such as "furen" and "donnes," on p. 46 (in a line which Mr. Hazlitt's note attributes by some lapsus to "La Brebis," instead of to Estienne de la Boëtie); "*or* (for *of*) Magister," p. 134; "quèm" for qu'em, p. 138 (where the proverb is quite bemauled in Mr. Hazlitt's English note); "*f*aith" for saith, 145; Albu*b*erque, 255; and one has hit some others. One expands (with Mr. Saintsbury) over Florio's calling Rome "the borough Saint Peter," which is word for word in the French; but might he not rather, on the old analogy of Bury St. Edmunds, have put an *s* to it? This new-old Cotton has some just and pithy notes of Mr. Hazlitt's, and many from the French annotators, but there are other blots. The third French line on iii., 194, in no way justifies the word "republic" in its translation; "capets" for capettes, and Montaigne for Montaigu (or, strictly, Montaigut), iii., 238, are unfortunate; "to talk *with* the point of a fork," iii., 38, is also off the spot; and such a note as this (iii., 147) makes one shrink: "The weakness has taken another turn with some of our modern sages, who have turned baboons into men." These are not words of wisdom, and are edged in out of place. Some other faults are "conci*m*itas," i., 269; "ny scavoi*r*," for n'y sçavoi*t*, and "esto*r*t" for esto*i*t, in a correction of Cotton iii., 170; and there is a *que* missing in the note at i., 144.

Mr. Hazlitt's brief Life draws on somewhat oldish authorities, and it is now admitted that Montaigne's chief collaborator, in one sense, was his wife. For it is clear from her Letters that it was this excellent woman of business who, by an able management of the family property, enabled Montaigne to devote so much retirement to his literary work, and so much leisure to his health-travels and other journeys. He was married by his family at thirty-two (two years after the death of his bosom literary friend and "brother" La Boëtie), and he died, after twenty-seven years of marriage, between fifty-nine and sixty; but his widow survived for thirty-five years more—living to eighty-three. Three years after his death she enabled the 1595 edition of his works to be edited by Pierre de Brach and Montaigne's "daughter by alliance" and literary collaboratrix Mlle. de Gournay, a "Latin without a master" young person, who was only some twenty-five years old at the date of that edition, and had not come to Montaigne's knowledge or assistance until four years before his death, and subsequently to the publication of his first three editions.

His widow bought the church-vault in which, twenty-two years after his death, Montaigne was at length deposited; for she had vast trouble in first ejecting therefrom the remains of a former proprietor. Then she could erect his monument, so often mentioned, now at long last, after four removals, in the vestibule of the Bordeaux University. Down there Montaigne is still, of course, the subject of a pious local cult—not without its pilgrims, English and other; and the above-mentioned mountaineer does well to have on his shelves the 1870 edition of the Société des Bibliophiles de Guyenne, which reprints the original 1580 text of the "Essais de Messire Michel Seignevr de Montaigne" (dated ce premier de Mars, 1580) with the variants of 1582. The much fuller editions of 1588 and 1595 (posthumous) frequently dislocate the original simpler train of thought and composition.

LOWELL'S AFTERMATH.

THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS. By James Russell Lowell. London: Macmillan & Co.

THESE lectures, delivered at Boston in 1887, have already appeared in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. They are six in number, treating—after an introductory survey of the subject—of Marlowe, Webster, Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger and Ford. As now reissued, they are necessarily imperfect. The manuscript was never revised by the author, and (as Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, in his prefatory note, points out) much was added extemporaneously, at the time of delivery—suggested by the passages read in illustration. But, while making allowance for all this, we are only too glad that these last fruits of a ripe scholarship should be preserved in a permanent form. Lowell possessed an amount of general culture rare in these days of Triposes and specialising, which forms, as it were, a background to whatever he is more immediately engaged upon, and whose charm pervades his style when writing on any subject, or on all. He was almost the last survivor of that generation who enjoyed what we are tempted to think of as a happy golden age, in the days when Tennyson and Arthur Hallam were at Trinity, and read "the Tuscan poets on the lawn"—when Longfellow was lecturing on "Poetry and Belles-Lettres" (is not the word as extinct now as the mammoth?) at Harvard—when the hero of the "Angel in the House" lent his lady Petrarch to read in the train, and when undergraduates of King's College (London) assiduously borrowed that copy of Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature" which now rests undisturbed on the library shelves. There was more leisure then, and less competition; academic study was undisturbed by the fierce anxiety about obtaining employment afterwards, which now spoils the enjoyment thereof, and the several branches of research had not yet been so *approfondis* as to make it the work of a lifetime to master them. It may be, too, that as the age of general culture tended to superficiality, so the reaction produced an excess of zeal for the limited yet thorough. There will always be what the author of "Soul Shapes" calls "Surface Souls" and "Deep Souls," and the one sort cannot turn into the other—or if they ever do, it doesn't count, for the process is about equivalent to killing—but their relative numbers are apt to vary. And it would almost seem as if they predominated by turns—in cycles, so to speak; or, at any rate, the intellectual method resulting from each becomes the prevailing fashion of the time.

These lectures of Lowell's, more or less fragmentary as they are, should take rank among the best bits of that kind of literary criticism in which such good work was done by Coleridge, Lamb,

Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt. It is interesting to compare some of these *aperçus* with those of earlier days—*e.g.*, in "My Study Window." Sometimes Lowell himself recurs to his earlier opinions, whether to modify or confirm them. An instance of the former occurs on p. 128, where he revises his first judgment of Ford, finding, in later life, that dramatist's pathos false and artificial. The charm of Beaumont and Fletcher, on the contrary, grew upon him with advancing years. "I read Beaumont and Fletcher through again last autumn, and the eleven volumes of Dyce's edition show even more pencil marks than the two of Darley had gathered in repeated readings." The little volume abounds in pregnant sentences which recall the Rev. Homer Wilbur (one of the most delightful persons in the world to quote from) at his best. "One is apt to forget so much in the service of one's country; even that he is an American, I have been told, though I can hardly believe it." . . . "There is more conviction in what is beautiful in itself than in any amount of explanation why, or exposition how, it is beautiful. A rose has a very succinct way of explaining itself." "The marvel would seem to be rather that, writing so easily, they also wrote so well." "He (Robert Greene) has all the inadequacy of imperfectly drawn tea." "I have observed that many who deny the inspiration of Scripture hasten to redress their balance by giving a reverent credit to the revelations of tables and camp-stools." These citations might be multiplied indefinitely, but we have only space for one more. Speaking of the tendency towards a hard materialism, and stifling of the poetic and imaginative faculties at the present day, he expresses a fear that it may be "before us and not behind, that we should look for the Age of Flint."

FICTION.

SUSY. By Bret Harte. London: Chatto & Windus.

TIME'S REVENGES. By David Christie Murray. Three vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

IN SUMMER SHADE. By Mary E. Mann. Three vols. London: Henry & Co.

MARIONETTES. By Julien Gordon. London: Gay & Bird.

MR. BRET HARTE keeps his place. Here is a book which is filled with real breathing men and women; no puppets, but creatures of flesh and blood, each acting after his or her kind, and not at all after that of the marionettes of the ordinary novelists. "Susy" is really the second volume of the story begun in "A Waif of the Plains." It tells the further fortunes of the little girl and her boy-companion who escaped by an almost miraculous chance from the massacre of their friends in the emigrant caravan. The girl is still the ward of the kind-hearted Eastern colonel and his wife who rescued them in their extremity; but the boy has arrived at man's estate, and is in full possession of the handsome fortune bequeathed to him by the father who had never recognised him during his lifetime. Mr. Harte's stories are not made for the convenience of the hackneyed reviewer. They are not to be scrambled through with the occasional aid of the paper-knife, nor are they to be dismissed with a curt summary of the plot. We linger over them, savour them, dwell in half-indolent enjoyment on the delightful literary style in which they are told; breathe the fragrant, yet bracing, air of the Great West by which they are pervaded, and see on the far-off landscape that has been brought by the magic of the artist within our very doors, the men and women of whom he speaks moving about on their appointed errands. There is between such a book as this and the ordinary novel the difference that there is between the living picture of the camera obscura and the dead canvas of the commonplace artist. Here, as in other works of Mr. Harte's, we can trace the influence of the masters of his craft. Clarence Brant reminds us in more than his character of Colonel Esmond, and Jim Hooker might have been torn bodily from a story by Dickens. But Mr. Harte is no plagiarist. He merely assimilates the best, and makes it his own. Nor can anyone truthfully assert that Susy Peyton is borrowed from anybody. With all her faults, and she has more than a woman's share of them, she is delightful—a woman not at all "too good for human nature's daily food," but with a wilful grace and piquancy that are all her own, and that would cover faults infinitely graver than hers. In Mrs. Peyton, too, we have a portrait which, if it is drawn with few lines, is still vivid and real. For the story itself let our readers go to the book, and taste the enjoyment which only a genuine work of art can afford.

Mr. Christie Murray begins his new story, "Time's Revenges," in his favourite county, Staffordshire, but very quickly the scene shifts to Australia, and it is there that the melodrama is played out; for a melodrama it is. Mr. Murray's characters are all either exceptionally good or supernaturally wicked, and, whether good or the reverse, nearly all are unmistakable fools. The hero has the misfortune in early life to encounter successively a bench of magistrates, a judge, and a jury, all of whom come under the category of fools. Without a particle of evidence against the unfortunate man, he is convicted of an attempt to murder, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. To Van Diemen's Land he is followed by his angelic bride, and there in due time a child is born to them. Resolved that the boy shall never know that his father was once a convict, though an innocent one, the parents send their child under an assumed name to England. They themselves remain in the colony, and with melodramatic suddenness the ex-convict finds himself a millionaire four times over. The years pass, and eventually, at a garden-party at Sydney, father and mother meet their son once more. He is, of course, ignorant of the relationship between them, but, with that fine sense of the fitness of things which is the essence of melodrama, he takes advantage of his parents' garden-party in order to become engaged to the daughter of the man whom his father has been falsely accused of trying to murder. This brings us to the middle of the story, and is perhaps as far as the ordinary reviewer need go: but let it not be supposed that there is any lack of incident in the remaining half. Forgery, blackmailing, and murder (real murder this time), carry us on from page to page, and give us a truly curious impression of society at the Antipodes. The curtain is, of course, rung down upon the proper melodramatic ending, with its appropriate "tag." The worst of it is that Mr. Christie Murray is capable of better things, and if he would but forget the footlights and the demands of the British manager, might once again present us with a novel as good, say, as "Rainbow Gold." But then it must be a novel of real life, and not of the boards.

Beautiful Mary Burne, the heroine of the interesting story called "In Summer Shade," unwisely neglects the precaution of being "off with the old love" before being "on with the new." But, despite this reprehensible conduct, Mary is so fascinatingly courageous, generous, and tender, that she wins the reader's sympathy in the first chapter and retains it to the last. Afflicted with an idle, impecunious father, a coarse, slatternly mother, and a tribe of unmannerly younger sisters, the poor girl is teased into accepting with gratitude, though not with warmth, the passionate and faithful love of her old playfellow, Bob Burton. But Bob, with all his fine qualities, is only a rough farmer's son, and no fitting mate for the queenly and brilliant young creature, who learns the meaning of love as soon as she meets Claude Garnett, a painfully superior person. Claude's brother, the High Church Rector of the parish—also a solemn prig—has already allied himself with the Burnes by his marriage with Mary's sister Lally. Lally is a shifty and cowardly girl, who, in order to conceal from her husband a certain pre-nuptial escapade, casts her own shame upon Mary's innocent head. And here the novelist

commits the inartistic blunder of sacrificing all consistency for the sake of obtaining a strong dramatic situation. The sensible and high-spirited Mary blasts her own fair name and lends herself to a base deception. It is the morality of novels, not of real life. This defect apart, Mrs. Mann has given us a thoroughly readable and decidedly clever story, marked by humour, satire, and tenderness. The priggish young parson is sketched with agreeable malice, whilst the varied scenes in which poor Bob Burton's misfortunes are traced to their tragic ending are instinct with a homely pathos which is highly effective. The dialogue is always natural, and generally amusing.

"Marionettes" is one of those exasperating books which are just clever enough to be disappointing. That the author possesses humour and observation is proved by the lifelike drawing of the minor characters; but the principal personages are unreal, and the analysis of motive is unconvincing.

A beautiful young widow, the Marquise le Moyne, an American by birth, returns to her father's home, where she quickly wins all hearts. The story is concerned with the passion she inspires in one Geoffrey Odenried, who is already the lover of her most intimate friend, Mrs. St. Clair. The marquise, loyal to friendship, struggles against her own love for this man; who is, indeed, a very poor sort of creature, though the author describes him as an Admirable Crichton of the Ouidaesque type. Even his finger-nails are not omitted in the inventory of his charms, in which nothing is lacking save common-sense and manliness. Odenried finally declares his love to Bertha le Moyne, in a highly coloured scene which is meant to be thrilling, and is really very diverting. He apostrophises "the fragrant soles of thy beautiful feet," and seems sincere, for he presently "glues his mouth upon her feet." She pants, sighs, and shudders, being visibly melted by the glueing process. The next morning, however, Bertha thinks better of it, and prudently sends this very unpleasant person about his business; which is, to marry Mrs. St. Clair at her earliest convenience. After this, Geoffrey is unhappy and grows fat, and Bertha is unhappy and grows thin, and so the story ends.

The three Miss Horners are admirably sketched. If Lucien Gordon will resolutely forget French novelists and abandon mouldy platitudes, she may yet write a good novel.

THE AGE OF ICE.

MAN AND THE GLACIAL AGE. By G. F. Wright. (International Scientific Series.) London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

No geological period has so much interest for the general reader as that from which we have just emerged, and the same may be said for the geologist, if one may judge from the literature upon the Glacial Age. The last contribution to the subject is by no means likely to have a quieting effect on the minds either of geologists or of anthropologists; for the present the laymen must stand aside and await further evidence. Five-sixths of Dr. Wright's new book is devoted to a consideration of present and past glacial phenomena. He begins with a too brief account of existing glaciers, this is followed by short chapters on motion of glaciers and the signs of past glaciation. This prepares the way for a valuable and well-illustrated description of Ancient Glaciers in the Western Hemisphere. This is largely an epitome of the author's previous book on "The Ice Age in North America," but as the latter does not appear to have been very well known in Britain, the present is of value to those who wish to gain a general knowledge of the glacial phenomena in North America, and Dr. Wright is admitted to be an authority, though admittedly a biassed one, on this period. It would perhaps have been wiser if "North America" had been substituted in the title of this chapter for "Western Hemisphere," as South America is dismissed in thirteen lines and New Zealand in ten lines; the latter is again similarly treated at the end of the next chapter. In the chapter on Ancient Glaciers in the Eastern Hemisphere, pp. 137 to 181 contain a clever contribution to the problems of the glaciation of the British Isles, by Mr. P. F. Kendall, of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, which, owing to the limitation of space, is somewhat dogmatic in tone. He describes the routes, confluence, and limits of the great British glaciers, and his position is summed up as follows:—"To such a system of confluent glaciers, and to the separate elements out of which they grew, and into which, after the culmination, they were resolved, I attribute the whole of the phenomena of the English and Welsh drift. And only at one or two points upon the coast, and raised but little above the sea-level, can I recognise any signs of marine action." For example, he regards the famous Moel Tryfaen beds as infinitesimal relics of huge shell-banks in the Irish Sea incorporated in the ground-moraine of the great Irish Sea glacier. He strongly opposes the generally accepted view of a submergence of the British Isles during the Glacial Period. Dr. Wright's own account of European glaciation is singularly inadequate. The chapter on Drainage Systems in the Glacial Periods deals with that portion of the subject which has reference to the antiquity of man, as the arguments for and against the antiquity of certain deposits are largely dependent upon the drainage system to which they belong. The evidence in favour of glacial man in Europe remains where it was, and the American evidence is still under discussion, as recent articles in *Science* testify. Briefly, the position is as follows:—A large number of rude stone implements have been found in gravels in various parts of the United States. The government geologists hold that of these the Trenton and Columbia gravels are certainly post-glacial. And it is asserted that in other cases the beds are redistributed material. The book concludes with chapters on the cause and date of the Glacial Period. With regard to the former Dr. Wright believes in geographical as opposed to astronomical agents, and he considers that twenty-five thousand years is ample time to allow to the reign of the ice of the Glacial Period.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE first English book of any dimensions printed and published in South America has just reached us. It is a work of nearly seven hundred pages, and comes from Buenos Ayres, and is entitled "A Handbook of the River Plate." Paper and print alike do great credit to English enterprise in the Argentine Republic; indeed, the volume in these respects is quite able to hold its own with the majority of books published in London. The original edition of the work appeared, we understand, nearly thirty years ago. Since then it has grown with the interests which it describes, and this sixth edition is in every respect a satisfactory performance. It is, perhaps, almost enough to say that we have not met anywhere a more exact, detailed, and comprehensive survey of politics, society, and commerce—not only in the Argentine Republic, but also in Uruguay and Paraguay—than that which is contained in this admirable volume. The Argentine Republic comprises an area six times as large as that of France, and the population has increased threefold during the last thirty years. The River Plate was discovered at the beginning of the sixteenth century, and before the Spanish Conquest neither horses, cows, nor sheep were known: now flocks and herds abound. European trees—introduced long ago by the Jesuits—thrive in forests; wheat, maize, flax, and sugar are grown in ever-increasing quantities; whilst the vineyards of Mendoza alone now produce grapes to the annual value of more than half a million sterling. Buenos Ayres is in some respects the most important city of the southern hemisphere; it was founded in 1535, and its population surpasses Rio Janeiro, Melbourne, and Sydney. During the last nine years the rate of increase has been seven per cent., and, if the population goes on increasing in the same ratio, in less than twenty years from the present time the city will contain as many inhabitants as Paris or New York at this moment. Elsewhere in these pages we are assured that if a proper port had been constructed half a century ago at Monte Video, a considerable portion of the world's commerce would have found its way to that port, and the place by this time would have become another Singapore. No other city in South America has greater natural advantages, but the water in the bay is now several feet less than was the case within living memory; whilst the roadstead outside the Cerro, or mount from which the place takes its name, is so exposed as to be one of the most dangerous in the world.

*HANDBOOK OF THE RIVER PLATE: COMPRISING THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, URUGUAY AND PARAGUAY. By M. G. and E. T. Mulhall. May. Sixth Edition. Buenos Ayres: Standard Court; and London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

THE MECHANICS OF DAILY LIFE. By V. Perronet Sells, M.A., J.C.S. Univ. Extension Series. London: Methuen & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

FORECLEAMS OF CHRISTIANITY. An Essay on the Religious History of Antiquity. By Charles Newton Scott. Revised and Enlarged Edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co. Crown 8vo.

A FAMOUS FOX-HUNTER: REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE THOMAS ASSHETON SMITH, ESQ. By Sir John E. Eardley-Wilmot, Bart. Portrait and Illustrations. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Crown 8vo. (2s. 6d.)

ONE THOUSAND ANSWERS TO ONE THOUSAND QUESTIONS. London: George Newnes. Crown 8vo.

THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE" LIBRARY. Edited by George Laurence Gomme, F.S.A. English Topography. Part III. London: Elliot Stock. Demy 8vo.

SONGS OF REST. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll. New and Revised Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Crown 8vo. Buckram. (7s. 6d.)

"The Mechanics of Daily Life" contains the substance, with modifications and additions, of a course of Oxford University Extension Lectures delivered in various small towns in Devonshire in the spring of 1891. At the outset Mr. Sells guards himself against any possible misapprehension by a frank statement to the effect that the book does not pretend to do more than describe the most typical mechanical actions of daily life, and this is done in a group of chapters which deal with rest in motion, force, levers and pulleys, friction and energy, and the like. No attempt is made to deal with the mathematical aspect of the subject, though arithmetical examples are introduced where reference to figures was indispensable. The appeal of the book is, in fact, to that large class of people who have not had the training requisite for the enjoyment of what the author terms "mathematical gymnastics," though this circumstance has not precluded a keen interest on their part in the purely experimental aspects of science. The volume is one which is likely to fulfil its aim, for it is written with knowledge and skill, as well as with a clear appreciation of the needs of a mixed and half-educated audience.

The aim of Mr. Scott's learned and thoughtful book on "The Foregleams of Christianity" is to supplement, in an independent fashion, the researches into comparative religion of the late Rev. F. D. Maurice. Much fresh light from almost every department of knowledge has been shed on the problems of faith and ethics since the publication of "The Religions of the World and their Relations to Christianity," and in these pages some attempt is made to strengthen the position taken up in that remarkable book. Mr. Scott avowedly seeks to demonstrate in the course of his weighty argument the following three points: First, that the elements of truth which are embedded in the various religions and philosophies prior to the advent of Christ can be satisfactorily harmonised only by the creed of Christendom; next, that the religions and philosophies which have been—apart from that creed—the most exalted in character have possessed metaphysical systems which were difficult to reconcile either with facts or with each other. These two positions naturally prepare the way for a third, namely, that the Divine working was manifest in the succession of religious developments which gradually prepared mankind for the crowning revelations of Christianity. The author's outlook is a singularly wide one, and he writes from the standpoint of a cultured and liberal-minded Catholic.

Fifty years ago few men were better known or were more popular in the Midlands than the late Mr. Assheton-Smith—a jovial country gentleman of the old school and a shrewd judge of horses and hounds. Sir J. E. Eardley-Wilmot—who died last spring at the ripe age of eighty-one—published more than thirty years ago a capital sporting biography of a squire who was every man's friend. The book, "A Famous Foxhunter," was a favourite with sportsmen when it appeared; but a new generation has arisen which knows little or nothing of the prowess of Assheton-Smith in the hunting-field, and therefore this fifth and cheap edition of the work is likely to appeal with all the charm of novelty to young lovers of the chase. It is packed with racy anecdotes, and it is pervaded from beginning to end with pluck and high spirits. As a picture of the pursuits of an English country gentleman when the century was young, the book is sure to arrest attention.

Cues for the curious abound in the odd little volume entitled "A Thousand Answers to a Thousand Questions." The questions cover a bewilderingly wide field of inquiry, and the answers are for the most part sensible and to the point. This is the sort of book with which we confess we have little patience; though possibly patients left to kick their heels for half an hour in the ante-chamber of a fashionable physician or dentist would grasp convulsively at just such straws.

The new volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine Library" deals with the topography of Derbyshire, Devonshire, and Dorset, and, as usual, contains much quaint gossip and many facts which throw fresh light on the towns and villages in the counties which we have just named. Derbyshire has its memories of the Civil War, and of the ill-fated southern march in 1745 of Charles Edward Stuart and his gallant retainers. Devonshire has played a great part in the making of England, from Alfred the Great to William of Orange, whilst Dorset can lay claim to historical associations with the early Saxon and Norman rulers of the land. Places like Hardwicke Hall, Exeter Cathedral, and Corfe Castle—to take but one representative building out of many in each of the counties with which this volume deals—are peculiarly rich in historical interest, and this circumstance, of course, lends its own charm to the record.

Fourteen years have elapsed since the first of two slim little volumes appeared with the attractive title "Songs of Rest." Both volumes—the second was published in 1885—have enjoyed a considerable vogue, and, as they contain choice and tender poems of faith and hope addressed to the sorrowing and the lonely, we are not surprised that this new and dainty edition in one handsome volume has been demanded. The aim of the selection is to bring religious consolation in its most beautiful form home to burdened hearts, and in this ministry of healing Mrs. Browning, George McDonald, Father Faber, Christina Rossetti, T. T. Lynch, and Charles Kingsley—to single out a few representative names—are on common and sacred ground. Some of the most exquisite verses in this book are by singers whose praise is certainly not in all the churches, but there is nevertheless a deep and impressive unison in all the music.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR OF 1870-1871. By Field-Marshal Count Helmuth Von Moltke. Translation revised by Archibald Forbes. (J. R. Osgood, McIlvaine.)

THE ROMANCE OF A SCHOOLMASTER. A Novel. By Edmondo de Amicis. Translated by Mary A. Craig. Three Vols. (J. R. Osgood, McIlvaine.)

THE REVOLUTION IN TANNER'S LANE. By Mark Rutherford. *Ed.* Reuben Shapcott. Second Edition. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

TIME'S REVENGES. A Novel. By David Christie Murray. Three vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE FATE OF FRED LAVERS. A Novel. By Alexander Morrison. Digby, Long.)

SAINT AND CYNIC. A Novel. By Albert Simmons. (Digby, Long.)

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND. By the late Alpheus Todd, LL.D., C.M.G. New Edition. Abridged and revised by Spencer Walpole. Two Vols. (Sampson, Low, Marston.)

A LIST OF CLUBS FREQUENTED BY THE ENGLISH IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD. By E. C. Austen Leigh. (Spottiswoode.)

FIFTY YEARS OF A SHOWMAN'S LIFE. By G. Van Hare. New and Cheaper Edition. (Sampson Low.)

UNDER KING CONSTANTINE. A Poem. (Kegan Paul.)

THE IRISH IN BRITAIN. By John Denver. (Kegan Paul.)

MEDIÆVAL LORE. Classified Gleanings from the Encyclopædia of Bartholomew Angleius. *Ed.* Robert Steele. Preface by William Morris. (Elliot Stock.)

THE "GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE" LIBRARY. *Ed.* G. L. Gomme. English Topography. Part III. (Elliot Stock.)

AUTOUR D'UN BATEAU. Par Madame Cheron de la Bruyère. (Hachette, Paris.)

J. J. ROUSSEAU. Par Arthur Chaquet. (Hachette, Paris.)

THE RISE OF THE BRITISH DOMINION IN INDIA. By Sir A. C. Lyall, K.C.B., D.C.L. "University Extension Manuals." (John Murray.)

THE CRUSADERS. An Original Comedy. By Henry Arthur Jones. (Macmillan & Co.)

A BORN PLAYER. A Novel. By Mary West. (Macmillan & Co.)

THREE CENTURIES OF SCOTTISH LITERATURE. By Hugh Walker, M.A. Two vols. (Maclehose.)

TIME AND THE WOMAN. A Novel. By Richard Pryce. Two vols (Methuen.)

THE YEAR'S ART. 1893. Compiled by Marcus B. Huish, LL.B. (J. S. Virtue.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF COUNT LEO TOLSTOY. By C. A. Behrs. Translated by C. E. Turner. (Heinemann.)

KITTY'S FATHER. A Novel. By Frank Barrett. Three vols. (Heinemann.)

AVENGED ON SOCIETY. A Novel. By H. F. Wood. (Heinemann.)

FROM INFORMATION RECEIVED. A Novel. By Dick Donovan. (Chatto & Windus.)

ADZUMA. A Play in Four Acts. By Sir Edwin Arnold, M.A., K.C.I.E., C.S.I. (Longmans.)

DEBRETT'S HOUSE OF COMMONS AND THE JUDICIAL BENCH, 1893. (Dean & Sons.)

THE UNSEEN FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY. By the Duke of Argyll, K.G K.T. (Murray.)

COMMENTARIES ON THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1865. B. Montagu Burrows. (Blackwood.)

CALENDAR OF THE COMMITTEE FOR COMPOUNDING, ETC. 1643—1660. *Ed.* Mary Anne Everett Green. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA. By *The Times* Special Correspondent. (Macmillan.)

UNIVERSITY AND CATHEDRAL SERMONS. By J. R. Illingworth, M.A. (Macmillan.)

ARISTOTLE'S CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS. A Revised Text with Introduction and Notes. By John Edwin Sandys, Litt. L.D. (Macmillan.)

REPORT TO THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE ON TECHNICAL EDUCATION. By H. Llewelyn Smith, M.A., B.Sc. London County Council.

CONSTANCE. A Novel. By F. C. Philips. Three vols. (Ward & Downey.)

MRS. GRUNDY AT HOME. A Novel. By Charles C. T. James.

THE LAND SMELLER, AND OTHER YARNS. By E. Downey.

SOLDIERS AT SEA. By Louis Killeen.

BY FITS AND STARTS. By John Morris-Moore.

JOAN OF ARC. By John O'Hagan. An Essay contributed to the *Atlantis* in 1858. (Kegan Paul.)

NOTICE.

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The Editor cannot return manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

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